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# *The* AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*

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\$100,000 for Overseas Graves—(See page 9)





*A Diet Variation in the Training Area*

Foraging by the methods of the A. E. F. was of a private nature entirely and as a rule consisted in an attempt by the linguist of a group on short leave to make some of the peasants part with their precious oeufs. The amount of this transaction varied from 50 centimes to a franc apiece. No temporary absence from tin-willie and goldfish was complete without omelettes—although they always came high. And today in millions of American homes no meal is complete without *Jell-O*. The price is within the reach of all.



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# How Walter Camp Put Joy Into Living

*Famous Yale Coach shows How to Keep Fit in Ten Minutes' Fun a Day—His "Daily Dozen" Exercises Now Set to Music on Phonograph Records*



Walter Camp  
Originator of the "Daily Dozen"

**T**HOUSANDS of men and women—once flabby-muscled, low in endurance, easily fatigued by ordinary mental or physical exertion—are to-day facing their daily work with new ability and new energy. They are no longer nervous. Their bodies have been rebuilt; their endurance has been strengthened; their minds, are clearer—all through *ten minutes' fun a day*.

To-day, "that tired feeling" is something practically unknown to them, for they have built up a new supply of life. They have increased their efficiency, they eat better, sleep better, feel better, and have found a new pleasure in living.

These people owe their improved health to the fact that they devoted a short time each day to a new scientific system of physical development. And the remarkable part of it all is that while they were thus building up their bodies—they exulted in the exercise. It was not drudgery, it was fun!

This remarkable system of body building was devised by Walter Camp, the famous Yale football coach. People who have used it say they think it is the best method they have found of keeping fit. According to physical culture experts who have studied it, this new method will often accomplish in *just ten minutes* more actual good than a half hour spent in strenuous gymnasium exercise.

Mr. Camp has embodied the complete system in twelve simple movements which are known as the "Daily Dozen."

The "Daily Dozen" were first used as a much needed substitute for the tiresome setting-up drills used in training camps during the war. Their immense value was quickly apparent and before long members of the Cabinet as well as other prominent men were relying on them as a guard against physical breakdown due to overwork.

Since the war, the "Daily Dozen" have been making thousands of busy men and women fit and keeping them so. And now the exercises are proving more efficient than ever. For a wonderful improvement has been effected in the system. Here it is:

With Mr. Camp's special permission, the "Daily Dozen" exercises have been set to music on phonograph records that can be played on any disc machine.

A book is included—showing by actual photographs the exact movements to make for every one of the "commands"—which are given by a clear voice speaking on the record. The most inspiring music for each movement has been adopted. A fine, rousing tune, such as the great Sousa melody, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," has a wonderful effect. It is elating; and it adds spirit to an activity that was monotonous before this invention.

Another reason for the wonderful effectiveness of the "Daily

Dozen" is because they are based on natural methods of body-development. Take the tiger in the zoo. He is caged in, removed from his natural way of living—just as we, through the centuries, have grown away from our natural way of living. Yet the tiger keeps himself in perfect physical condition—always. How?—by constantly stretching and turning and twisting the trunk or body muscles. And that is where Mr. Camp says we must look after ourselves! It is on just this principle that he has based his "Daily Dozen."

## Try the Complete System Free—For Five Days

You cannot fully appreciate the real joy of doing the "Daily Dozen" to music until you try it. So we want to send you, absolutely free for five days, the "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records and the book which illustrates the movements. These full-size, ten-inch, double-disc records playable on any disc machine contain the complete Daily Dozen Exercises, and the 60 actual photographs in the book show clearly every movement that will put renewed vigor and glowing health into your body—with only ten minutes' fun a day. A beautiful record-album comes free with the set.

No need to send any money. Simply mail the coupon below and get Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records. Enjoy the records for five days, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return them and you owe nothing. But if you decide to keep the records, you can pay for them at the easy rate of only \$2.50 down, and \$2 a month for four months until the sum of \$10.50 is paid. Thousands of people have paid \$15 for the same system but you can now get it for only \$10.50 if you act at once.

Simply mail the coupon and see for yourself at our expense, the new, easy, pleasant way to keep fit. You'll feel better, look better, and have more endurance and "pep" than you ever had in years—and you'll find it's fun to exercise to music! Don't put off getting this remarkable System that will add years to your life and make you happier by keeping you in glowing health. Mail the coupon today. Address Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 173, Garden City, N. Y.

## FIVE DAY TRIAL COUPON

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Please send me for five days' Free Trial at your expense the Complete Health Builder Series containing Walter Camp's entire Daily Dozen on five double-disc ten-inch records; the book containing the 60 actual photographs; and the beautiful record-album. If for any reason I am not satisfied with the system, I may return it to you and will owe you nothing. But if I decide to keep it, I will send you \$2.50 in five days (as the first payment) and agree to pay \$2 a month for four months until the total of \$10.50 is paid.

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MARCH 9, 1923

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PAGE 5



Next time there's a miners' strike, give a thought to these breaker boys

## Give *the* Children a Chance

By Herbert Corey

**T**HERE is almost no excuse for not being pessimistic nowadays. No excuse that will be accepted by a lot of us, anyhow. Everything is as bad as it can be and getting worse. When the sun goes under a cloud we think it is an eclipse. Our ringing slogan is, "Are we down-hearted? Yes!"

Therefore I feel a bit guilty in reporting that the child labor situation is not so bad as it used to be. I trust I am not being misled by a dastardly turn toward optimism. It is bad enough, mind you. The manner in which the unprotected children of the United States have been exploited is not anything that we care to brag about. Warden Thomas of the



During the R months that give us our oysters, these youthful oyster shuckers have to pass up their chance at the three R's

Ohio State Penitentiary once said, "Fifty percent of the inmates were self-supporting when they were fifteen years old." A study of child labor maps shows that the areas of greatest child labor and greatest illiteracy are almost identical. Mr. Thomas added that "eighteen percent of the inmates cannot write their own names."

But the badness is in spots now—pretty thick spots, perhaps, and too many of them, but spots—whereas it once overlaid us like a blanket. And this is the important feature of the situation today:

We admit the badness and are ashamed of it. We have stopped arguing about it. We are looking now for a way to cure it.



Congress once had it on the way toward curing. The fight on child labor was never ending from 1906 to 1916, when the first Federal child labor law was enacted. In that ten-year period the defenders of child labor were driven out of every position. It is extraordinary what pretty things the employers once said of its value in character building. Steady work, they said, was the foundation of thrift. The earlier you caught your child the thriftier he would become. They told of the needs of industry, too, and of the advantages to the commonwealth. One does not hear such things nowadays. Five propositions are now before the United States Senate looking to the protection of the children, and not one word in defense of child labor has been heard. The inquiry has been centered on this point: "How shall the children be protected?"

That, it seems to me, marks such an important advance in public sentiment that I may be forgiven for my optimism. Two different Congresses have made laws which it was hoped would do away with child labor. They had to whip the legislative devil around the constitutional stump, it is true, and the laws were outlawed by the Supreme Court. But others will take their place, for Congress usually votes what the voters back home think. What they think is shown by the fact that forty-two States of the forty-eight have child

labor laws on their statute books. In forty of these States the laws range from very good to moderately bad. The gain has been great in ten years.

For all that, more than one million children between the ages of ten and fifteen are still at work—not at chores but at work. There are others. The takers of the 1920 census no doubt skipped a good many. No account is taken of the child under the age of ten by the census takers. They assume, rightly, that he is too young to be engaged in industry. Unfortunately for him, he engages in industry anyhow by the hundreds of thousand. But one million working children have found a place in the census statistics. One million. There are 12,000,000 children in the United States between the ages of ten and fifteen. Every twelfth child works.

To protect that twelfth child it may be that the Constitution of the United States must be amended. This fact is regretted by the Senate Committee on Judiciary, which is engaged in considering the five propositions for an amendment offered by five senators. They feel—perhaps each member of the Senate feels—that this is a rather bungling method of handling the matter. We take an amendment nowadays as we used to take sulphur and molasses. It is a slow plan, for several years must pass before an amendment can be ratified, especially if the newly-suggested

scheme is adopted by which the people of each State get a second bite at the amendment cherry. The old state rights question bobs up, too, and it has teeth in its mouth. Arguments are heard that the present-day tendency toward centralization is being carried too far. It may be that some other means will be found to protect the children. The one thing that seems fairly certain is that a way will be found. Not overnight, it is true. But eventual protection seems assured.

Today's situation came about through the habit of the Supreme Court of interpreting laws in accordance with the Constitution rather than in obedience to the needs of the moment. Of the two laws enacted by Congress after that body had concluded that the several States were not moving rapidly enough, one provided a ten percent tax on the products of child labor. This was overthrown by the court on the ground that the power of taxation must not be adapted to "the achievement of some other purpose plainly within state power." Justice Clarke alone dissented from this view.

The other law forbade the transportation in interstate commerce of goods made by child labor, and was overthrown by a five to four vote of the court. The majority by one held this act was an infringement upon state rights in the following terms: "If Con-

(Continued on page 23)

## A Bedtime Story

Broadcasted by Roy Horton  
(Station XUSN)



ONCE upon a time, dear little ex-soldiers and dear little ex-sailors, a young man enlisted in the United States Navy to fight in a great war. He was sent to a great big training camp and shut up inside a wire fence for twenty-one days. At the end of that time he was able to prove that he knew intimately the parts of a Krag rifle, obsolete since the Spanish-American war, the rules for sentry duty and the right way to tie various knots, so he was promoted to a training regiment.

Now our hero was a very good young man and never jumped ship and besides he had graduated from a college, so he was picked to go to the ensign school. He already knew how to look up the elusive logarithm and had little difficulty in mastering the mysteries of navigation. But at the end of the course he was brought face to face with a terrible temptation, and if he had not been a very good young man he would have lost all that his hard work had gained for him.

Before he was permitted to enter the examinations for his commission he had to appear before the faculty of the school and by answering sundry ques-

tions prove his fitness for that honor. Now there was one question which was asked of all candidates. Some told the whole truth and nothing but the truth; some elaborated upon the truth, and, shameful to relate, dear little ex-service men, some did not tell the truth at all.

Each man knew before he went in that the question would be asked, and he received much advice as to what was the right answer to give in order to pass, but once inside he had to stand on his own feet and make the decision for himself.

The question was, "Have you ever had any previous sea experience?" Of course those who had had previous training said so, told what it was, and all was well along Pelham Bay. But the greater number were without previous training. Among these was our hero.

The fateful day finally arrived and our hero stood before the board of examiners. Right off the bat came the expected question.

"Have you had any previous sea experience?" asked the head of the board.

"No, sir," answered our hero, for he had determined to tell the truth.

"What," ejaculated his questioner in amazed tones, "no sea experience?"

"No, sir," reiterated the brave young man.

The officer's regret at this bold statement of the facts was apparent and painful to see.

"Haven't you even had experience with small boats?" he tried again.

Now our hero, as you may have suspected, was no fool. By this time he had begun to suspect that he was making the wrong answer. He wanted to please this kindly man, so he tried the other. You should not be too harsh with him, for you must remember that he wanted very badly to become an officer.

"Oh, yes, sir," he cried joyfully.

The members of the board fairly beamed upon him and he was very much relieved, for he felt that right at the outset of his career as a navy officer he had shown just the right amount of tact. His complaisance, however, was short-lived. His questioner refused to let well enough alone.

"What sort of small boats were they?" he inquired.

"Sail and motor both, sir," our hero

(Continued on page 22)



# The End of a Perfect Hitch

By Herbert B. Mayer

The bachelor 'e fights for one  
As joyful as can be;  
But the married man don't call it fun  
Because 'e fights for three . . .  
Yes, It an' 'Er an' 'Im,  
Which often makes me think  
The married man must sink or swim  
An'—'e can't afford to sink!

—"The Married Man," by Rudyard Kipling.

**W**ITH three wound stripes on his right sleeve and eight gold service stripes on his left, Sergeant Smith, late of the American Forces in Germany, but now a casual, saluted with the snappiness of an old soldier.

"Sir," he said, "if the lieutenant is agreeable, I should like my discharge."

The lieutenant shook his head. Here was one of the best of the old non-commissioned officers of the Army, worth his weight in gold to the colors he had served so long, so faithfully and well, and yet—yet there was nothing to do.

"Married?" asked the officer, though he already knew the answer. The sergeant nodded.

"All right, sergeant, we'll fix you up. But I'm sorry you have to leave us."

Sergeant Smith looked straight to the front.

"I'm sorry, too, sir. I like the Army. I've fought for it long enough. I was in Cuba, in China, in the Islands—'most everywhere, sir. I was in the First Division in France and got mine three times. Then I transferred to the Eighth when she went over."

"It was about the time the marks started to go down, and we were all feeling rich. You know that old song about never being rich in the Army—well, it was all wrong in Germany."

"When I met Stella—that's my frau—marks were down to thousands for a dollar. One dollar would buy more than her whole family used during a month. We heard what was going on in the

States, how the Army had been all shot to pieces by Congress, but somehow we couldn't get the picture, and anyhow, I knew I could give Stella a whole lot more than she had then. So we took our chance—and now it looks as if we'd lost, lieutenant. An enlisted man can't keep a wife in an army with the rations cut to twenty-five cents a day and commutation reduced and no quarters fit to live in."

This problem of the married men in the American Forces in Germany arrived in the United States with the *St. Mihiel*, when that transport brought home the last of the United States Army from the Rhine. The majority of the men were married, and for this reason had been kept in Germany to the last, because under present conditions in the

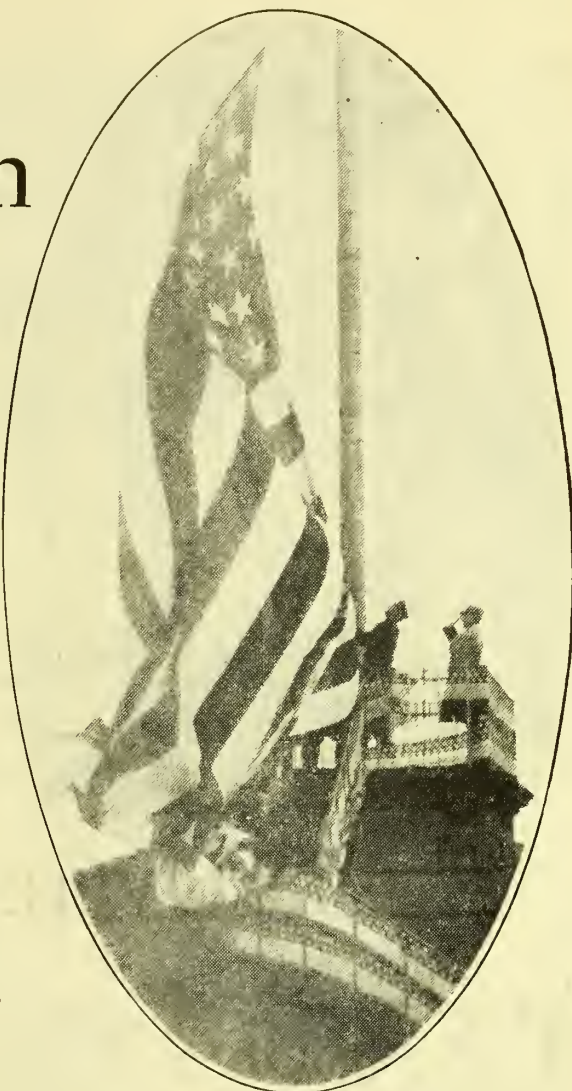
service it is impossible for enlisted men other than the very highest grade of non-commissioned officers to support wives or families. Pay has been reduced all along the line, quarters are almost unavailable, rations have been cut to an allowance of twenty-five cents for three meals daily, and commutation for the restricted number of enlisted men entitled to it has been reduced. Still another

measure of economy which has made the Army an impossible place for married enlisted men to live in is the Congressional restrictions which forbid the commissary to sell goods at cost to officers and men. The overhead which is now charged brings prices about up

to those of ordinary civilian establishments.

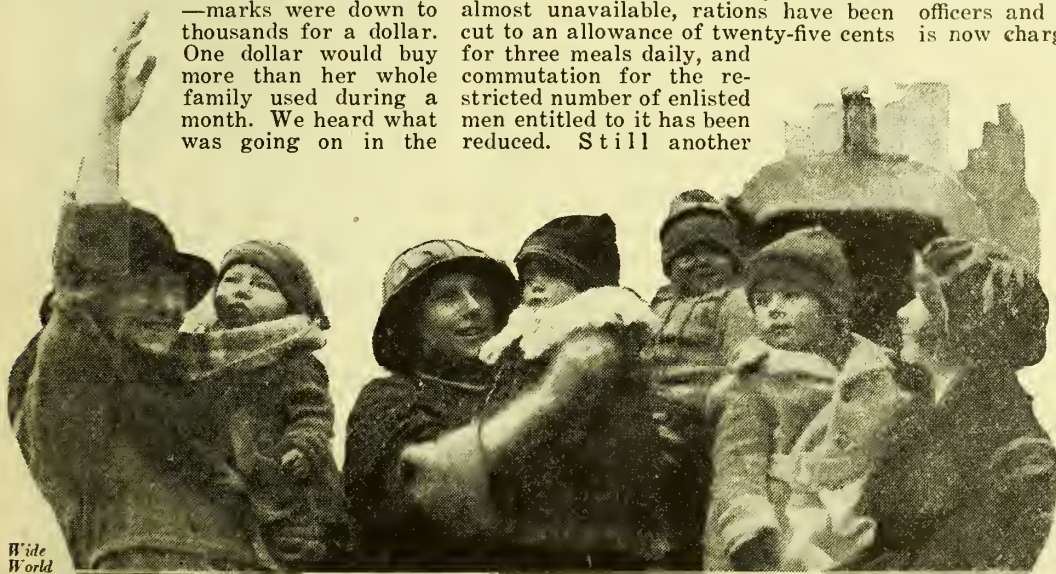
By the time the men who served in Germany reached this country most of them were practically destitute. I could cite any number of interesting instances. One boy had 600,000 marks when our troops were ordered home. It wasn't a fortune, but it was enough—in Germany. He changed his

German brides disembarking from the *St. Mihiel* at Savannah. They're smiling—they hadn't found out, when this picture was taken, how few dollars you can get for a mark



Wide World

When "To the Colors" meant "Taps": Maj. Gen. Henry T. Allen lowering the Stars and Stripes for the last time from the great fortress of Ehrenbreitstein



Wide World



marks into American money. Then he had twenty dollars. It cost two dollars and a half to transport his wife to Antwerp, thirteen for subsistence for his wife, on board, and an eight-dollar head tax here. When he landed he was minus, and it was necessary for him to carry his indebtedness over to his next pay card. This soldier's case was no exception. There were others that were far worse.

Who can blame the German girls for being nervous? In order to get a parallel to their state of mind one may contemplate a woman of good family who has married a millionaire only to find that her husband's wealth has melted away and that instead of comfort she faces direst poverty.

In Germany the spasm of economy inflicted on the Army by Congress did not greatly affect matters. With millions of marks around retaining something of their old purchasing power and with thousands of marks to the dollar, the loss of a few million marks one way or another did not matter. For example, while the pay of privates back home was cut from \$30 to \$21 a month—surely the meanest of all Congressional economies—in Germany this merely meant a paper loss of a few million marks. Even at \$21 a month, with the mark quoted at 30,000 to the dollar, toward the last the private soldier drew 630,000 marks a month, or

at the rate of 7,560,000 marks a year. A German ship captain draws only 30,000 marks a month.

The change from a condition of wealth such as this to the circumstances which face them in the United States forms a problem for the returned veteran of the A. F. in G. greater than that which faced most of the members of the A. E. F. For the A. E. F. had little or no luxury to forget, although thrown into the maelstrom of high prices by demobilization at a time of great economic unsettlement. The married men of the A. F. in G. face the necessity of getting jobs and getting jobs quickly. The single men, however, face a psychologic re-adjustment of their own, for back in the United States, on small pay, in fallen-down barracks, and with scanty rations, they must atone for the wonderful days abroad when they were millionaires—mark millionaires.

"I'll be all right," said one of them, "just as soon as I can find out what a man can buy for a dollar back here.

"Yesterday I got a pass and went down town with five dollars—that's 150,000 marks—enough to live a month on in Germany and live well. I bought two tickets to a show—they soaked me \$2.50—that's 75,000 marks. I got a soda for fifteen cents—that's 4,000 marks. I could get a beer for two hundred marks in Coblenz. I got a hair

cut for thirty-five cents—that's more than a German barber gets in a week. I spent half a dollar for extras, and then dinner cost me a dollar, or 30,000 marks—you could buy out the Hofbrau for that for an hour. Now I've got a dollar left. In Germany that would be 30,000 marks, but what in hell is it in this country? That's what I've got to find out."

The married men have had an even more difficult experience. Their problems have been more complicated. Jobs? There are plenty of them. But there is a world of difference between a job and a good job. Frantically the ex-millionaires have sought work that will enable them to maintain their little establishments. Here and there something has been found, some precarious foothold gained. But already those men from overseas and their wives have learned the meaning of the H. C. of L., and the learning process has not by any means been a pleasant one.

Since the world began there has never been such a miraculous transformation. Never before has an entire garison been almost instantaneously reduced from riches to poverty. It was inevitable that there would be a vast deal of suffering. It is fortunate that the victims are made of the right stuff and that, in spite of everything, they are going to buckle down and make good.

## One Overcoat, O. D., Issue

By Carl Helm

**T**O-NIGHT the street car conductor on my line wore an old army overcoat. Spotted, wrinkled, and frayed it was, with a sergeant's stripes and a cook's cap in the familiar place.

I wondered what the chevron meant. . . . It's been such a long time.

Maybe it's mess sergeant, I thought, Mess Sergeant. Sure. I well remember now. There was the one of my old company, the good old A Company to which I came, scared and shiny, from the officers' school. The mess sergeant was running things exactly; also I took orders, which were suggestions, from the top.

One day, I remember, I brought my little new wife out to show her "the company". The mess sergeant had flowers where she sat at the table, and the kitchen police were in starched jackets. He made a wonderful iced cake himself, and was so pleased when she tried to eat a little of everything. The sergeant wore his cheeno khaki, I believe he called it, for the occasion.

We remembered the anniversary of it in a mud hole behind Montfaucon. Neither of us had shaved for a week, and we were eating cold, damp, willie and tack, and drinking stale water.

Last month I heard he was at an army camp four hours distant. The long ride was well worth it. The colonel said that he was the only one left that I'd remember, and that he'd send for him. I would rather have sought him out myself, probably sitting off in a corner (he was now a master sergeant, the colonel said) also indulging in memories.

When the sergeant came in I wanted to hug him. But he stood at attention and smiled while we grasped hands. "It's mighty good to see you, lieutenant," he said, still standing there stiffly. I wanted him to call me by my last name or my nickname, and I wished the colonel and his regulations were in the next barracks. . . .

A sergeant's stripes, and a cook's cap. Greater than all the eagles and the stars, these. The war was won by cooks and sergeants; I went through five major engagements, and I will swear to that. And the old army overcoat, still in the service. How long has it been, now?

This evening I read a newspaper that thrills itself by talking of the Revolution and the Working Stiffs. In one column it screamed against "Imperial Washington," and in an adjoining one, it squalled because "ex-service men are given preferment in the selection of city employes," delivering itself of this: "Ex-service men are entitled to an *even break* with every other citizen, and *nothing more*," the italics being theirs.

Yesterday I talked with a man who enjoys the belief that he is a Marxian socialist, anarchist, revolutionist. He makes his living by worrying about the class struggle. I asked him a simple question: "Suppose you went into the streets and selected at random half a dozen of these wage slaves for whom you bleed and explained to them what they want, as you have done to me, what would they say?"

He was furious. "Oh, they wouldn't understand," he said. "They don't un-

derstand anything but the shibboleths of the capitalists, 'Save the world for democracy,' 'war for civilization—'"

Then he noticed my Legion button. "What did the workers get out of the war?" he demanded.

"What did I get out of it?" I countered.

Afterward I talked with a self-made patriot who advertises it, maybe makes his living at it. He said that he was glad to see that I had done my Duty to Humanity. Soon after I mentioned that, business being rotten, opening up trade relations with Russia might help, since the city is the nearest port to Russia.

He became scarlet. "What," he demanded, "trade with those damned Bolsheviks? No, we'll keep up an economic blockade; starve 'em into their senses, and see what becomes of their damned Bolsheviks then!"

I had wanted to tell him of a little Russian girl I had seen at the school that afternoon. She had been in America five months.

"Do you like America?" I asked her. "Ah, America, it is wonderful country," she said. "I love America!"

And she might have starved. . . .

Looking back, I believe that I fought in the War for one thing—for tolerance.

The street car stopped at my corner, and as I got off, I said to the conductor with the sergeant's stripes and the cook's cap, "Still wearing the old overcoat, eh, buddy?"

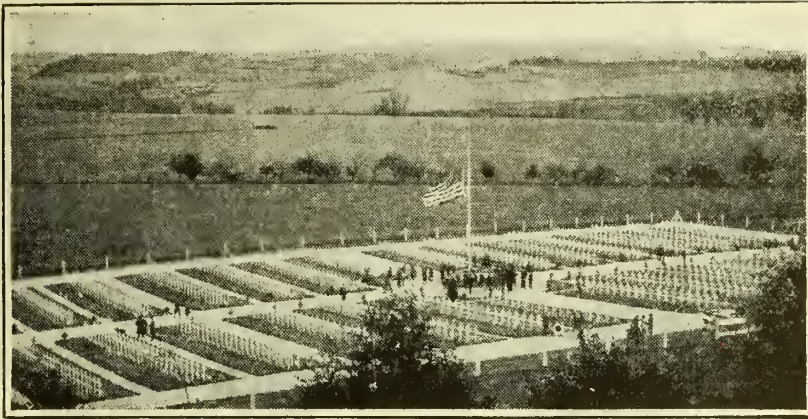
"Yes," he replied. "Worn her five years now—ever since '17. Guess she'll last still another year or so."



**T**HE American Legion has pledged eternal memory to more than thirty-two thousand comrades-in-arms, fellow-veterans of the World War whose bodies will rest forever in the soil of Europe. It is a duty of honor—the duty of seeing that thirty-two thousand graves be held forever as sacred American ground. It is an obligation that cannot be measured in years—it extends on into time that can only be measured by the life of the republic.

The Legion cannot live forever. Even as the Grand Army is dwindling today, the Legion will dwindle some day. Even as younger hands today are decorating the graves of the Grand Army's comrades and of Confederate veterans, so younger hands will decorate graves of the Legion's comrades—and of Legionnaires—some day. Perhaps it was with the history of the Civil War veterans in mind that the National Executive Committee of The American Legion has authorized that a fund of \$100,000 be raised as a permanent endowment from which to insure that on one day of each year, for all time, the grave of every American World War veteran in Europe shall be decorated. This fund, with a like sum already available from private contributions, will suffice; it will make certain beyond the lives of the men who raise or give the money that on Memorial Day, May 30th, of every year the Legion will pay its tribute of memory.

The Legion voluntarily assumed the responsibility of decorating the graves overseas almost at the time of its birth. Three years ago Paris Post and other posts of what is now the Department of Continental Europe undertook, with the aid of Legionnaires back home, to carry out in Europe the full spirit of Memorial Day. Every American veteran's grave in Europe was decorated that year, and the year after, and last year, too. But the money was just sufficient to meet the needs of the year. It is true that a million francs was raised through the activity of Paris Post, and that the million francs was administered as a fund (Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, representing the United States at Paris, is honorary chairman of the fund), but it is also true that the income from a million francs (the principal representing the equivalent of only \$66,000 at present exchange rates) is less than half enough to meet the needs of each year's duty. Last year the Legion was called on to raise \$35,000. This year, however, the Legion has decided to raise no less than



## A Perpetual Tribute to the Dead

\$100,000 to obviate similar annual calls in the future—to endow each grave in perpetuity.

There are not quite 32,100 graves of American veterans in Europe. It is for the members of The American Legion and of The American Legion Auxiliary to raise the money to insure the annual tribute which the National Executive Committee has pledged. Two francs fifty centimes will decorate one grave once a year. The income from a million francs will decorate about fifteen thousand graves once a year forever. One hundred thousand dollars has been promised by the executive committee, which is composed of representatives from every State, who were unanimous in pledging the Legion's word to raise the fund, so every Legion department has in effect been pledged. The sum asked actually amounts to slightly less than fifteen cents for each member of the Legion and of the Auxiliary. It must be raised. The Legion has promised to raise it.

How shall it be raised? The National Executive Committee did not say. That is left to posts and units and departments. Whether posts will raise their share by local drives, by individual contributions or by public solicitation depends on local conditions. No attempt was made to specify any of these things—only that the Legion's

Members of The American Legion decorating the graves of dead comrades-in-arms at Belleau Wood Cemetery, France, Memorial Day, 1921. The Legion now plans to raise \$100,000 as a permanent fund to insure that the grave of every American World War veteran in Europe shall be decorated on every future Memorial Day

honor was pledged, and the Legion's pride pledged, that the sum required should be raised before May 30th. Moreover, the Legion is pledged that the fund will be carefully guarded.

The National Treasurer of The American Legion at Indianapolis, Indiana, will be the immediate recipient of contributions.

The American Legion Weekly will acknowledge all contributions of one dollar or more from whatever source.

The fund need not be raised exclusively within the ranks of the Legion or its Auxiliary. In every city campaigns for such unselfish purposes arouse spontaneous enthusiasm among all classes of citizens. The Legion's position is absolutely unselfish; its campaign cannot but reflect credit on the organization; your post's campaign cannot but reflect credit on your post.

The graves will always remain in France. Today only a million francs is available to continue the American Memorial Day decoration custom overseas. Aply administered though it may be, it is not half big enough; it cannot grow big enough of its own accord. It can only grow by contribution, by what is given in excess of the principal. The interest must be used each year, for on May 30th of each year a representative of the Legion must always place a wreath over each grave.

The United States Government maintains the graves, keeps them in splendid appearance. But the United States cannot annually pay the little direct, personal tribute of memory to which each grave is entitled. That tribute is the duty—the self-imposed duty—of The American Legion.

Here is where the graves of American veterans in Europe are located: France and Belgium, 31,400; England, 488; Scotland, 140; Ireland, 40; Spain, 1.

And The American Legion purposes that the one grave in Spain, no less than the 31,400 graves in France, shall have its annual tribute—the wreath representing undying comradeship from brothers-in-arms, and undying respect and memory from the entire country.

The time is short, the task is great, but the Legion intends to see it through.

**The American Legion has pledged itself to raise at least \$100,000 before May 30th of this year. This money will insure that the grave of every American World War veteran overseas will be decorated on every Memorial Day of the future. The time is short. Contribute as much as you can as soon as you can. Personal as well as post donations are solicited. Every contribution of one dollar or more to the fund will be acknowledged in the American Legion Weekly. Send contributions to Graves Endowment Fund, National Treasurer, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.**



THE sun was shining over the level countryside, and the only noise was the drowsy murmur of many bees; it was a pleasant autumn afternoon in Holland. William Hohenzollern, once a person of no little consequence, grew tired of sawing wood. Behind him lay the result of his day's toil, neatly stacked in cords. Before him stood the servant whose duty it was to deposit slab after slab of neatly trimmed timber on the sawbuck. The saw moved more and more slowly; the ex-imperial woodman was growing sleepy. An observant flunkey spread a rug on the grass; Mr. Hohenzollern hung the saw on the buck and spread himself on the rug, and soon there arose the sound of a guttural and ex-imperial snore.

So sleeping, Mr. Hohenzollern began to dream, and his dreams took him back, as usual, to days of departed splendor. He saw himself again at the head of great imperial armies, riding proudly. Delight in their prowess overpowered him, and with a wave of his hand he declared war on the world. Now he rode to the rear of his armies and sent them out to conquer. Clamor arose, and a dust of battles. All went as planned. Von Moltke captured Paris. Von Hindenburg trapped and crushed the hordes of the Czar, and advanced over the plains of Poland upon St. Petersburg. The English navy went down off Jutland. The Americans—donnervetter!—were chased back to their own side of the ocean and wrote notes.

Now the dream opened out more gloriously, and in the halls of Versailles the Kaiser saw himself dictating the terms of the world peace. He was moderate. He annexed Warsaw, Vilna, Kieff, Odessa. He was temperate. He annexed Verdun, Brussels, Rheims and Amiens. He extended his frontiers from St. Petersburg to the Seine, and let the British pay the costs of the war. Then he went back to Potsdam and devised a new uniform for the War Lord of the World.

Years passed. (Mr. Hohenzollern was dreaming rapidly.) At first all went well, though Ludendorff was observed occasionally to shake his head. The imperial authority was obeyed everywhere. Roads were built in Poland and taxes were levied on northern France. The conquered populations submitted and kept silence. French labor erected and occupied great cities of steel mills fed by the coal of the Ruhr and the iron ore of conquered Picardy, and a visiting American senator observed that Lens was now the Pittsburgh of the Old World. French farmers extended their holdings, and Belgian artisans organized in trades unions, but it seemed that few Germans

# Invaded America



It is a prime necessity that America bar incoming aliens until she can deal with the aliens already in

By Garland W. Powell

Director, National Americanism Commission of The American Legion

joined these unions.

In the east it was Polish labor under German supervision that developed the mines of Silesia and built great factories. Industrious and ignorant, these Poles afforded ideal cheap labor; they were brought eventually into Germany proper, and the mighty Krupp works at Essen were manned by laboring Slavs. In Poland proper and Lithuania the great dull populations awoke to new energy under German discipline. They reared large families and preserved an ominous silence.

Ludendorff was now out of favor with the Kaiser, who had grown tired of his continual grumbling. He retired to his country place and began drinking heavily.

The exports of the empire doubled, the cities increased. Greater Berlin at length numbered eight million people. The American Republic now went Bolshevik, and that great revolution drove thousands of keen-witted, energetic Americans to Germany. They speeded up the wheels of industry and were considered desirable immigrants, but they retained their English speech, which now began to be heard all over the empire. These Americans likewise organized in the wards of the cities, and soon the American vote became a factor in municipal elections. Other nationalities took note, and soon it became necessary for the Kaiser to suppress municipal elections.

Discontent increased, and the various alien elements in the empire began to growl. Agitators appealed to the Slav workmen in their own languages, urging them to unite to fetter industry. Great French and Belgian clubs were formed whose deliberations were confined to the French language. To make matters worse, the true German middle class, their standard of living undermined by the inflood of cheap labor, began muttering loudly and throwing bricks.

The Soviet Republic which had taken the place of the United States of America appropriated hundreds of millions of marks to spread Bolshevik propaganda in the empire. Matters had gone from bad to worse in America.

Communism had proved a failure; the farmers refused to farm, save for their own needs, and millions were starving in the Mississippi Valley. Nevertheless the government of Soviet America spent millions of dollars of confiscated wealth in sending emissaries into Germany to plead for German charities and denounce the German government. The German Red Cross fed the starving millions of New York and Chicago, and the American Soviets incited millions to class war and hatred in Germany. Ludendorff on his country estate gave up kummel and began imbibing absinthe strained through sugar.

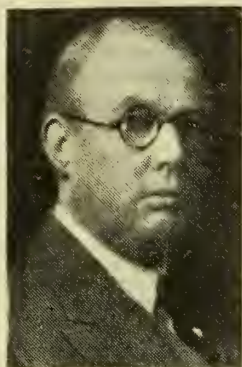
In 1938 came the great explosion. The flames awoke first among the most ignorant, the alien laboring masses that fed the railways and the mills. The great patriotic and temperate labor unions fell finally into the hands of the agitators for anarchy, who hoped to find advancement for themselves in any general overturn. A series of general strikes stopped all the wheels of industry and transportation. The necessities of life were shut off from the great cities. Panic and rage took possession of whole populations. Mobs gathered in the streets of the cities and howled, slinking away at the appearance of the police.

Owners of property converted their holdings into jewels at great loss and took the roads leading most directly to the frontiers. The factories stood empty without management, and the railroads without direction; trains venturing on the abandoned tracks crashed into each other, for the despatchers had left their offices.

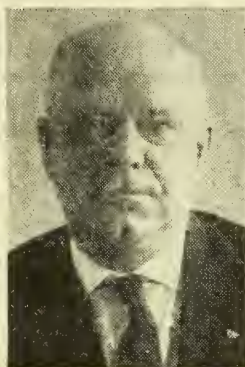
Crowds began smashing into locked storehouses, demanding food. Great fires broke out unchecked, and in three days the city of Hamburg burned to the water's edge. A rumor spread that the Belgians had set the fires, and the mobs devoted themselves to hunting the Belgians down. In self-defense the Belgians assembled and fought back. The other alien nationalities took up the

(Continued on page 28)





Charles R. Forbes

Keystone  
Col. R. U. PattersonWide World  
Dr. Hugh Scott© Clinedinst  
George E. Ijams© Underwood  
Charles F. Cramer

### PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE VETERANS BUREAU SHAKE-UP

# What's Wrong in Washington?

**C**HARLES R. FORBES has relinquished the directorship of the United States Veterans Bureau under circumstances which are tantamount to dismissal by the President. Just before this happened Mr. Forbes accepted the resignation of his friend, Charles F. Cramer, former chief counsel of the Bureau. Dr. Hugh Scott, for some time executive officer of the Bureau and once reputed right-hand man of Forbes, was transferred to a hospital at Muskogee, Oklahoma—"for the good of the service," said Forbes; "railroaded," say others. Colonel Robert U. Patterson, head of the Bureau's Medical Division, and eight or nine other experienced and responsible executives on detail to the Bureau from the Army and Navy, forthwith have been recalled by their respective services. Committees of the Senate and the House of Representatives, at the time this article was written, were about to recommend a sweeping investigation of the Bureau's affairs which would involve charges of wasteful, negligent and imprudent transactions involving millions of dollars originally appropriated for the relief of suffering and needy ex-soldiers and sailors.

At the beginning of this train of events Mr. Forbes sailed for Europe suddenly and without the publicity that usually attends the departure from the country of a high government official. When he was on the ocean it was announced from the White House that he was going away to take a long rest to repair his strength, which had been undermined by the cares of office. But on February 25th Mr. Forbes was back again on American soil (returning on the steamer *President Harding*), in readiness, say his friends, to assist the investigation or to defend his course in the Bureau should eventualities suggest to him the advisability of such action.

To this pass have arrived the affairs of the United States Veterans Bureau, creation of The American Legion and hope of the crippled ex-soldier, in the nineteenth month of its not untroubled existence.

But I have given only one side of the picture—the side that is now ex-

## The Latest Muddle in the United States Veterans Bureau

By Marquis James

posed to the flare of publicity. It is the dark side, which darker yet may seem to grow if a Congressional body of inquiry gets into action. The newspapers may then print columns of stuff of the sort that wreathes the countenances of circulation managers in smiles. If one half of what reaches the ears of this writer during an expeditious examination of the situation in Washington assumes even the unsubstantial form of "charges" or "testimony" before the bar of that inquiry there will be stir enough. There will be headlines that exude official scandal in its most engaging forms—of politics and partisanship, of pork-barrel and pie-counter methods introduced to "squander" fortunes in money which a grateful people gladly paid over for the relief of those who bear a nation's honorable scars. Back and forth will fly accusations of intrigue, mismanagement, incompetence and official folly in the administration of the affairs of these uncomfirmed men.

It is not a pleasant picture at best, and in the popular mind it is likely to be quite exaggerated. It is, therefore, well for those of The American Legion, who of all others are interested most vitally, at the outset to remember these things:

1. The investigation is necessary. There are things that are in bad case. There are snarls and tangles that must be cut; they cannot be untied. The public acts of public servants must be bared to public view. Some must pay, as some are paying now, the penalties which public life imposes upon ill-considered action. The object of this forthcoming inquiry, however, is not to harass or discomfit any individual, but to disclose and stop the waste of public funds, if there has been such, and to

improve the condition of disabled veterans—which condition is susceptible of considerable improvement.

2. Despite the recent upheaval, despite the chaotic state of morale and personnel within the Bureau as this is written, that organization has not collapsed or broken down. Men have collapsed, physically and officially, and men have broken down, but the Bureau itself, the institution, has not failed. Up to the very eve of the recent crash the Bureau was taking care of the disabled man as well as—and possibly better than—he had ever been taken care of before. But this was not enough. The Bureau was not performing its work *sufficiently* well, or as well as might have been reasonably expected in view of the vast financial resources at its touch which have been spent so freely if not so wisely. What failure there has been, then, is personal failure—the failure of men who were inherently deficient in the qualities their tasks called forth. There has been no failure of the Veterans Bureau as an institution.

Indeed the Bureau continues to function now, despite the severe dislocations caused by the removal of the director and nearly a dozen of his most responsible assistants, none of whom have been replaced except with stop-gaps. The main stop-gap is George E. Ijams. Ijams is a sort of professional stop-gapper about the Bureau. Just before the upheaval he was stop-gapping vice Scott, transferred to Muskogee, Oklahoma. Ijams is competent. He is a veteran. He knows the veteran's problems. He has been with the Bureau since its inception, and two years before that he was principal aide to the late R. G. Cholmeley-Jones, former director of the old Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the ablest man who has yet tried his hand at the almost insuperable problem of veteran rehabilitation. Jones killed himself with work. Ijams says the job is still enough to kill almost anybody. He is not a candidate to succeed Mr. Forbes. His name has been mentioned, though, but on the day this was written the President said he was not prepared to discuss the matter of Mr. Forbes's suc-

(Continued on page 18)



# EDITORIAL



*For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.*

## The Three Things Needful

I am fully persuaded that three things are essential to the very beginning of the restored order of things. These are the revision, including reduction, of our internal taxation, the refunding of our war debt, and the adjustment of our foreign loans. It is vitally necessary to settle these problems before adding to our Treasury any such burden as is contemplated in the pending bill.

**T**HUS President Harding in his address to the Senate twenty months ago in urging recommitment of the Adjusted Compensation Bill.

What has happened in the interval?

Internal taxes have been reduced, our war debt is in process of being successfully refunded (and at a far more attractive rate of interest than the money market could allow in the summer of 1921), and the debt owed us by our principal and most nearly solvent European debtor is to be paid in accordance with a clearly-defined and practical plan.

The Legion does not care whether the money to pay for adjusted compensation comes from foreign loan payments or from some other source. It is concerned solely with the existence of the obligation. How the debtor pays what he owes is for the debtor to decide, and the Legion leaves this angle of the compensation question to Congress. But it is fair to point out that the three great obstacles to the passage of the compensation bill which President Harding saw a year ago July have since been removed.

## As a Workful Winter Closes

**“U**NEMPLOYMENT has ceased to be a problem,” Secretary Hoover declared recently. The veteran unemployment crisis of 1921-1922 is still a vivid Legion memory, but we may rejoice today that it is only a memory and not a fact. Not all nations are so fortunate—England still has her thousands of jobless ex-service men, and the organizations designed to aid them are confronted with a gigantic task.

Not every American veteran is on the high road to prosperity, or even comfortably housed or fed, but there is nothing like a national veteran employment crisis. And should one ever arise again, the Legion will be ready for it. It has been through a sterling course of training, as thousands of men who are tonight sitting down to smoking dinners as a result of it can testify.

## In 1914]

**I**T has time and again been emphatically asserted—by those same pro-Germans and other enemies of France whose voice is so loud in the land today—that the French war plans included a rapid drive through Belgium in the event of trouble with Germany. Now, at last, the time has come for the complete silencing of the *they-had-planned-to-do-it-too* chorus. The question has been answered once and for all by no less an authority than the late General von

Moltke, a Prussian fighting machine who was chief of staff of the German armies in 1914—when the war began and Germany committed the dastardly act which did so much to prejudice the civilized world against her.

General von Moltke's memoirs are now being published by his widow in Berlin. In them is to be found the following passage:

As I have stated elsewhere, our General Staff had studied for years a simultaneous campaign against Russia and France. The plan to invade France through Belgium was worked out by my predecessor, Count Schlieffen.

This measure was justified on the ground that it was practically impossible to force the French army to accept a decisive battle in the open field without violating Belgium's neutrality. All our information indicated that the French proposed to fight a defensive war, utilizing to the utmost the advantage of their strongly fortified positions along their Rhine frontier, and that we must reconcile ourselves to a series of protracted sieges if we made a frontal attack there.

Count Schlieffen even proposed to swing the right wing of Germany's army through southern Holland. I changed this plan in order to avoid ranging the Netherlands on the side of our enemies, preferring to face the difficult technical problem of forcing our right wing through the narrow space between Aix and the south border of the Dutch province of Limburg. In order to do this, we must at all costs get possession of Liège as soon as possible. That explains our plan to take this place by storm.

The German Chief of Staff was in a position to get the truth. “All our information,” he says, “indicated that the French proposed to fight a defensive war.” Is it possible that we were misinformed? Hardly!

## As Roosevelt Saw It

**T**HEODORE ROOSEVELT more than a dozen years ago foresaw the immigration problem which America would be compelled to face. He declared characteristically: “America must decide once and for all whether she is bringing these peoples to her shores to make industrial slaves out of them, or whether she proposes to make American citizens out of them.”

This is the question which the nation must now decide. Despite recurring periods of unemployment, mining and industrial interests are begging the Government to give them imported cheaper labor by amending the three percent immigration law. The country is watching. The issue is between servitude and citizenship.

## Lincoln Was Right

**T**WO months ago the Government called in its Victory Notes, last of America's great war loans. At present more than \$236,000,000 of these notes are outstanding. They are still redeemable, of course, but meanwhile nearly \$800,000 in interest which would have accrued if some thousands of ignorant or negligent noteholders had cashed in their holdings and put the money in savings banks has just not accrued. And this figure does not take into account those noteholders who will never present their notes for redemption—a considerable company, if experience with other war loan issues may be accepted as a criterion.

Never did a government attempt a task of education on so broad and far-reaching a scale as did our own in floating the vast loans of 1917 and 1918. Yet in thousands of cases the education simply did not take. You can fool some of the people all of the time, even when you try your hardest not to.

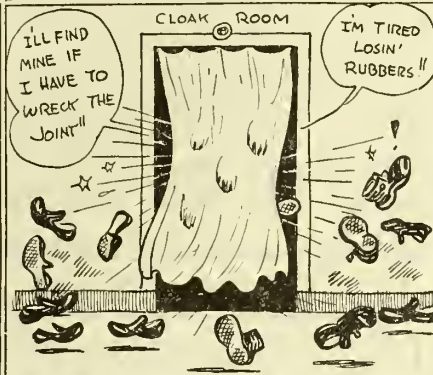
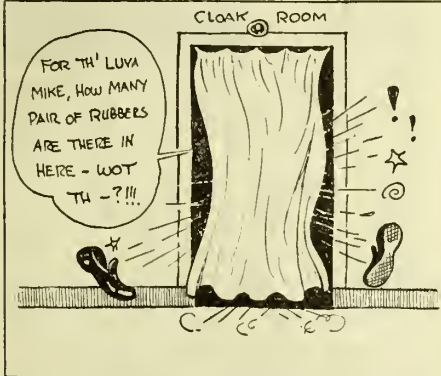
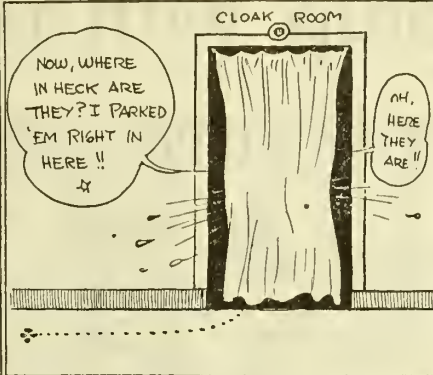
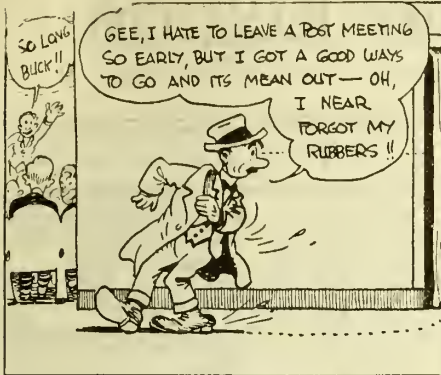
## Extra! Veteran Gets Farm!

**D**R. S. W. SERVICE, fifty-eight years in the Army, recently filed final proof on a 240-acre tract of land near Sheridan, Wyoming. Dr. Service is ninety-five years old. Every veteran is proud of the doctor's fine record and rejoices at his ultimate success in prying a homestead out of Uncle Sam, but his example has caused a cloud of gloom to spring up in the vicinity of Private Cognac Lew Owen, late 165th Infantry, who wants a farm himself, is thirty-three years old, and wonders what he is going to do during the next sixty-two years while waiting for it.



# If You Want to Hide a Pebble Find a Beach

By Wallgren





# Keeping Step with the Legion

Address all communications to this department to The Stepkeeper, National Headquarters Bureau, The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana

## Movie Stuff

"WHAT about the movies?" asked the Step Keeper. The response was such as to delight the heart of the Legion's National Film Director, who only says, "I told you so." Some of the response is hereby printed, but before starting, let the Step Keeper repeat his previous request with an addition to this effect:

"Tell us what your post has done with the movies—how it has staged them, what profits it has made, what films have proved most successful, and particularly what difficulties lay in the path of other posts that plan to go into the movie exhibiting game."

Having got that off our chest, and breathing a sigh and a hope that it draws more complete replies and that they be sent to the National Headquarters Bureau of the Weekly at Indianapolis as soon as possible, here goes for the first testimony.

Says Erwin C. Cary of Joseph Gosz Post of Reedville, Wisconsin:

We don't want to monopolize the floor, but we are always ready to tell what we know. We have been showing movie pictures in our new hall since last October and now show Sunday and Wednesday evenings and have a fine business worked up which will be much better when the roads open up, because we serve a rural community. Our operator is a member of our post and knows the game. He has complete charge of the hall and works on a commission.

Says R. V. Murray, adjutant of Bernard Breecks Post of North Webster, Indiana:

My post got a taste of blood when we put on "Flashes of Action." It is yelling for more. When can we have "The Man Without a Country" [this to the Film Director] and what is its price? "Flashes of Action" was a success, netting us almost \$40—not bad for a town of three hundred.

From O. Nelson, chairman of the show committee of Shoemaker Post, Bridgeton, New Jersey:

The picture "Flashes of Action" arrived O. K. and was shown privately to the committee and won approval and commendation. Opened January 15th at 7 p.m. to a theatre crowded to the limit. The same on the 16th and 17th. It's the best picture ever shown of the actual happenings of the World War and the part played and the duties performed by the American armies over there. Financial returns, approximately \$500 over and above expenses on a thirty-cent admission charge.

Thus a few posts on what they think of the movies and what success they've had. Such letters make the Film Director cocky no end, but probably he has a right to be cocky. He is anxious, however, to get more letters of the same kind, and so is the Step Keeper—but the Step Keeper is especially anxious to get some letters telling just exactly how a post goes at it to put on a movie show. Who'll be first?



## Info for Boston

A POST commander from Boston has a question to ask the meeting. Here it is:

How does a post set up a life-membership business? How do members buy life memberships in a post? How many posts have tried the idea? I see that the Fourth National Convention authorized a committee to investigate the subject of life memberships, but some of the fellows in my post don't want to wait before buying theirs. I'm looking for information.

Some posts have started life memberships. Therefore those posts are called upon to stand up in meeting and tell their story. And so is anybody else who, although he may not belong to a post where life memberships have been instituted, has an idea on the subject.

## Helping Buddy in Business

J. W. DIGGS, adjutant of Lynn Shel-ton Post of Fayetteville, Kansas, has a pertinent query which may result in great good, if some of you fellows want to take up the subject, or will tell the Step Keeper if your post has ever adopted any of Mr. Diggs' ideas:

Why can't the Weekly have some snappy editorials or comment by the Step Keeper regarding the patronizing of fellow Legion men who are in business? Why couldn't the Emblem Division furnish (at small cost) Legion window emblems and have the Weekly give necessary propaganda, such as: "Buddy, remember your buddy who is in business."

"Trade at the sign of the Legion emblem."

Buddies in business should then try to create that spirit of comradeship among all Legionnaires. A Legion man who is only an employee at a place of business would appreciate buddy's business, I am sure, just the same. This I believe would tend to create good feeling and closer comradeship for all of us—both merchant Legionnaire and buddy-with-a-dollar. (If adjusted compensation goes through, Buddy may have two or three dollars.)

Perhaps it would not be amiss at this time if the Step Keeper were also to call attention to a plan advanced on this page many months ago to give window placards to firms dealing in articles made by disabled men.

## A Fount of Knowledge

JUST before removing himself to Indianapolis, the Step Keeper had a hard day figuring out how he was going to answer correspondence that heretofore has come to the New York office of the Weekly and which hereafter will have to be forwarded to the National Headquarters Bureau. Finally he decided that a good share of the correspondence was out of order—that it was written in regard to a subject already taken up. The subject? Most details of post organization. How taken up? When attention was called to the Post Handbook got out a few months ago by National Headquarters.

This handbook is still available, although at least one copy is supposed to be owned by every post. It covers almost every detail of post organization, tells how to pep up meetings, how to elect officers, where to get handbooks on ceremonials, what the ceremonials are, how to get publicity, stage shows, fill out subscription cards. It tells a lot.

Spiller Hicks, commander of the Department of West Virginia, has recognized the value of the handbook to the extent of asking every post commander in his State to read it over carefully and to see that other members become familiar with it. If everybody in the Legion had read it as carefully as Commander Hicks has, the Step Keeper could save half the time he now spends on correspondence.

A limited number of the handbooks still can be secured from National Headquarters of the Legion at Indianapolis.

## Sing a Song

CHAD F. CALHOUN, publicity officer of Victory Post of Los Angeles, California, adds his endorsement to the many on post singing:

Victory Post introduced a sing at a recent meeting and in many respects this meeting was a distinct departure from any held in the past few months. With the assistance of Captain Insley as leader, and Herbert O. Beatty, a visitor from Sunshine Post, as musician, the complete repertoire of camp and field ditties was knocked for a row of dirty mess kits. A feature was the basso-soprano effect produced by various groups about the hall.

The little songfest aided greatly in promoting a spirit that has long been dormant around the post. Under the stimulus generated by a whole-hearted participation in the singing exercises, the meeting got off with rather a boisterous start. At the very outset it all but tore loose from its moorings and was apparently headed for the open sea, but was soon curbed by our commander. This beginning served to indicate the potential spirit of Victory Post, and we're going to keep the sing as a feature of our meetings.

Which arouses the natural inquiry: Has anybody in the audience a new idea about post sings?



# It All Went to Make a War

## Missed!



**B**UDDIES who were on the *St. Paul* on that particular Saturday morning in March, 1918, will recall how happy we were that the first leg of our journey was about at an end, for we were then in the Irish

Sea but a few hours out of Liverpool, all awaiting the noon chow call. It was a clear sunlit day with the sea limpid as a lake.

Remember the thrilling call "A sub!" and our dash to the port side? Sure enough, a half mile to eastward a periscope appeared, then the conning tower. One brief look-see, then down it sank, and immediately there followed the white streak of a torpedo, headed straight amidships.

Recall that our two rear decks were loaded with boxes of T. N. T., that the main deck was loaded with army nurses. It seemed a sure shot, but, sweetest of all, recall how it flashed by our stern, seemingly under it, yet actually thirty yards to the rear?

Recall the wild yell of relief we gave vent to and the bawling out we got from the chief gunner, who, with loaded revolver, threatened us against another outburst? But we had had our thrill.—**FRED L. THOLE** (formerly 415th R. R. Tel. Bn.), Cincinnati, O.

## Rushing the Can

**M**Y discharge doesn't show any service overseas, because my time was

*What was the greatest thrill you experienced in the brave days of 1917-1919? Tell it to the Weekly's Thrill Editor in less than 300 words—address 627 West 43d Street, New York City. Unavailable letters cannot be returned.*

put in on home shores—nevertheless, I ran into a thrill.

For a while I was detailed as courier to carry samples of gas between two cities. The samples carried were chemically pure and were more deadly than the stuff used in combat. They were used to test fabrics in making gas masks.

One of the gases handled turned from its liquid state to gas at a temperature around forty degrees Fahrenheit. Of course, the well-known army efficiency didn't provide adequate means for packing and protection during transportation, so they used to pack the sample bottles in ice in any old can they could find.

One extremely hot night in July a can of this stuff was handed me at the railroad station. The ice was fast disappearing. I managed to get it re-packed and started off. After about an hour's ride I noticed the can was leaking, that very little ice was left, and I had a good hour's ride ahead of me. If the liquid turned to gas, the bottle was bound to let go and release enough gas to wipe out the whole car.

Believe me, I was getting some thrill! But the greatest thrill came when I turned the stuff over, noted that it was bubbling, and saw the other chap grab it and run for an ice box, making a new world's record for the distance.

It was a good detail just the same, for I was able to grab a few hours at home on each trip.—**P. G. ROBERTS**, C. W. S., Norristown, Pa.

## The Balloon Hound

**S**PEAKING of thrills, I have often wondered if anyone else of the thousands that must have been watching had such a completely gone feeling as I did when that Boche came over on



the afternoon of September 26, 1918, and got four or five of our balloons, one after another. We were stuck in the traffic jam near Avocourt and I, personally, was feeling pretty good because it was my first day anywhere near the front and everything seemed to be going our way, but when I saw Lt. C. J. Ross jump and his flaming bag fall directly down on him, I got a case of funk which none of our subsequent experiences were able to produce.—**C. B. COE** (Ex-Lt., 323d F. A.), Johnson City, Tenn.

## News from the Outfit

**I**T was the evening of September 28, 1918. I was seated comfortably in a deep, well-upholstered chair in the library of the Army School of the Line, at Langres. Outside the wind was moaning, and it was bitter cold. In front of me was a huge fire that threw its delicious warmth over a spacious, charming room. All was well. I was at peace with the world.

I wondered where my Division, the 91st, was. For a long time I sat luxuriating before the fire dreaming of my  
(Continued on page 17)

## Coming Through With a Slogan

*The Weekly asked former general officers to contribute to the Thrill Department, and prints this week the reply of the wartime commandant of the United States Marine Corps.*

**W**HEN I saw that the United States was going to get into the war I realized that unless the Marines were got to the other side, and to the front, it would be a fatal blow to the Corps. We had used the slogan "the first to fight" in order that we might get the finest recruiting material, and if the Marines had not gone over with the first expeditionary force our slogan might have been considered ridiculous.

I therefore went to see the Secretary of the Navy about the matter, and was very happy to get word that a certain portion of the Marine Corps would go to France with the first expedition. This was thoroughly understood by the Navy Department and the War Department. I had orders to have a regiment of Marines organized and equipped ready to go. I, as commandant of the corps, knew just when and what transports were being assembled in New York, and I was waiting impatiently for word as to what transport would take the Marine regiment.

A few days before the expedition was to sail I received a very polite letter from the Secretary of War saying he was very sorry indeed to inform me

that it would be impossible to furnish transportation for the regiment of Marines with the first expedition. The same day the Secretary of War received a polite reply from me telling him that I had received his letter and that it was not necessary for the army authorities to bother about transportation for the Marines, as that had already been arranged for with the Navy Department, and that the Marine regiment would sail with the first expedition, and the Marines were so transported on naval vessels guarding that expedition.

To say that the above was my most thrilling experience of the war is putting it mildly, because I would not have had the Marines miss being with the first troops in France for a million dollars, and in the opinion of a humble Marine, my interest in getting the Marines to the other side with the first troops was more than justified by what they did the whole time they were in France.—**GEORGE BARNETT**, Major General, U. S. M. C. (during war Major-General Commandant, U. S. M. C.), Headquarters, Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Cal.



# BURSTS AND DUDS

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## True Zeal

Eph Brown was a true believer and fond of any religious ceremony. When "de suction" caught him, he became a sort of unofficial chaplain in a colored labor battalion. He worked assiduously among his fellows, and finally persuaded a dozen or so to join him in an open-air baptizing on a day in January.

That it was necessary to chop a hole in the river ice to provide a space for immersion rather cooled the ardor of the converts, but not so Eph's. Seizing the nearest soldier, he plunged him beneath the icy water. He had not reckoned on the swift current, however, and the luckless victim was snatched out of his hands and carried permanently out of sight.

Eph was not in the least disconcerted. "De Lawd giveth," he intoned, "an' de Lawd taketh away. Bring me anothah privit."

## A Popular Verdict

Little Bobby, aged eight, seemed puzzled over his story book. At last he inquired: "Mamma, did they used to applaud when people went to jail?"

"Not that I know of, darling. Why?"

"Well, it says here: 'They were clapped into prison.'"

## An Even Chance

Hogan was tired of the city and wanted to move out to the great open spaces where men are men and all that sort of thing. Accordingly, he sought information from a friend.

"Clancy," he said, "ye've taken a home-stead, so ye know all about it. Will ye be tellin' me th' law about goin' about it?"

"Well," said Clancy judiciously, "I'm not afther rememberin' the letter of th' law, but here's what it amounts to. Th' Guvviment is willin' to bet ye wan hunnerd an' sixty acres of land agin' fourteen dollars that ye can't live on it five years without starvin' to death."

## It's a Blessing

Blank: "I approve of Safety Week, don't you?"

Speed Fiend: "You bet. It'll educate the pedestrian to be so careful that we can simply cut loose and not think at all."

## Ten Dollars! Next!

"The way your son runs his racing car is an art."

"Yes. And too frequently it's a fine art."

## Let's Go

The food at Camp Slumme was nothing to write recipes about in the Home Hints newspaper column, and Private Littlejohn breathed a prayer of thanksgiving when he drew a pass that entitled him to spend the week-end outside the reservation. Unfortunately there was no place to go except the small adjoining town, and there was nothing in the town except a solitary hotel. Still, anything would do.

Private Littlejohn approached the manager-owner-clerk of the resort and demanded:

"Can you fix me up for room and board for the week-end?"

"Room's here all right," grunted the boss, "but how do you want your board?"

"In advance," ordered the hungry buck.

## Hospitable, Anyway

Stimmerton, who had but recently moved into the suburbs, knew his next-door neighbors only by sight, and consequently he was surprised and pleased by the alacrity they showed in hurrying to his door on a cold winter's night when his house caught fire.

"Say," he yelled excitedly to his neighbor on the right, "will you run down to the corner and turn in the alarm?"

"Sorry," the man answered, "I have the rheumatism and can't run."

"Well, then," said Stimmerton, turning to the other, "while I'm getting out the things, will you yell 'fire'?"

"Got laryngitis; can't yell."

Stimmerton considered a moment.

"I've got it!" he suddenly proclaimed.

"Both of you go into the house and bring out chairs and sit down and enjoy the fire."

## His Daily Dizzying

The pride of the office, conscientious, punctual Bingsley, had been suffering from a siege of illness, and his employer unbent long enough to go to his home to ask about him.

"Good old Bingsley," he said. "He was so careful about never missing a day. How in the world did you manage to keep him contented here all the month he's been laid up?"

"Oh, that was easy," replied Mrs. B. "We rigged a strap over his bed for him to hang on every morning and evening."

## He Must Be

"Bah! The old tight-wad!"

"Eh?"

"He wouldn't give three cheers without doing it grudgingly."

## Assuming the Responsibility

"Shay, frien', help me fin' my hat?"

"Why, man, it's on your head."

"On my head? Zasso? Well, then, don't bother. I'll look for it myself."

## Enough Trouble

"One seat on top and one inside," called the bus conductor at a stopping point.

"Sure, now, an' ye wouldn't be after separatin' a daughter from her mother, would ye?" asked the elder of the two women on the sidewalk.

"I would not!" replied the conductor, giving the go-ahead signal. "I did that thing once and I've been regrettin' it ever since."



"How's this? Our affairs are going from bad to worse, and you buy a car!"

"My dear, it's the only way we can escape from our creditors."

## Special Privileges

Sick parade—sick call, they'd call it with us—sounded in a British regiment and a Tommy, an expression of acute pain mustered to his features, approached the sergeant in charge.

"Wot's the matter with you?" growled the latter.

"I've got a horful pain in me habdomen, sergeant."

"Habdomen! Habdomen!" snorted the sergeant. "G'arn, you ain't got no habdomen. Honly officers 'as got habdomens. Sojers is lucky to 'ave plain stummicks."

## Coming Down

At a Maryland camp was a certain Lieutenant Farr, whose chief claim to fame was that his cap stood six feet four inches from the soles of his shoes. One evening, coming into camp late, he was stopped some distance away by a sentry who demanded:

"Halt! Who's there?"

"An officer of the camp."

The sentry peered through the semi-darkness, then ordered:

"Dismount, officer of the camp, and advance to be recognized."

## "Habeas Corpus"

Ole had been indulging freely in Minnesota Mule—too, far too freely. As he staggered out of the bar of the hotel, where three winks and fifty cents bought a fine start for an epitaph, his eyes encountered a huge muskelonge mounted in the lobby. Ole ceased his wavering progress and regarded it gravely. Then he gave his ultimatum:

"Der feller who catch dat one bane one gosh dam liar!"

## No Help Wanted

Mother: "Do you always ask the Lord to take care of grandpa?"

Willie: "Naw, I cut that out. I figgered he was old enough to shift for himself by now."

## His Right Bower

"Poet: "When I shuffle off this mortal coil, I shall leave everything to you."

Wearry Wife: "Well, you've been doing that ever since we were married."

## New Knowledge

Former Sergeant Snodgrass and Ditto Private Whippler hadn't seen each other for a couple of years until they joined the same Legion post. They gathered in a corner to reminisce.

"Do you still dream your old dream about getting a government farm?" asked Snodgrass.

"Yes," replied Whippler sadly. "But now when I dream it, I've got sense enough to know I'm asleep."

## Finance

Little Tommy had unfortunately picked up a few service ditties his father had absent-mindedly carolled about the house until he had been out of the Army long enough to become civilized again. One of them was the unforgettable "Mademoiselle from Armentières."

"I know a pretty French song," he confided to a lady visitor at his home.

"How sweet!" she ejaculated. "Sing it and I'll give you a penny."

"No chance," retorted Tommy scornfully. "I can get a nickel any time for not singin' it."



## It All Went to Make a War

(Continued from page 15)

platoon and wondering what Fate held in store for the men with whom I had trained for a long, fascinating year in the Far West. When I had left them a few weeks before—suddenly, in response to orders that had emanated mysteriously from division headquarters—I had expected to rejoin them within a month at most. The days had grown into weeks and the weeks into months—and here was I, still working on problems that were solved with pencil and paper!

Suddenly the door opened.

"Henderson?"

"Yes," I replied, turning in my chair.

It was another man from the 91st. He was very white. For a moment I thought he was going to faint.

"Have you heard about the Division?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, for three days it's been fighting like hell and it's all shot to pieces. A lot of the men in your regiment have been killed. And we're still in the line. They say the biggest battle of the war is going on north of Verdun!"

Right then I got my biggest thrill.—K. T. HENDERSON, *New York City.*

### "We're Hit!"

MY biggest thrill came on the ridge between Frommerville and Chattanooga. I was driving a truck for the 305th M. S. T., 80th Division, when the thrill arrived—on September 26, 1918, to be exact. The truck was loaded with French 75's.

My helper—Big Jim Barrowman—and I were proceeding with our load to a field artillery position north of Germainville. Just before we entered what was left of the town an M. P. hailed us.

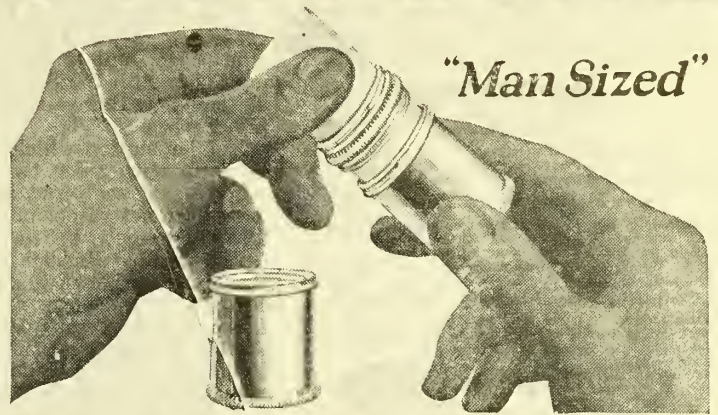
"You better keep at least two hundred feet back of the truck ahead," he warned us. It seemed that Jerry was shelling the road pretty heavily—and congested highways when H. E. is dropping about are not good for the health. I took his advice. On we went, and I was just beginning to think that nothing was going to happen when all of a sudden, without the slightest warning, the whole world exploded. At least that's the way it felt to me. My eardrums nearly split, and I thought the end had come. The terrific concussion, or my hair suddenly asserting itself and rising up, caused my cap to fly off. It was some big smash, believe me!

"Jerry's dropped a G. I. can on the back of the truck and exploded all our ammunition," I thought; and I stopped the old wagon to see what was left of it.

"What you stopping for?" Jim asked. "What's the matter with you, man?" I replied. "We're hit!"

Then Jim began to laugh. Near us were some French artillerymen. They, too, began to laugh. Evidently the joke was on me. Then the explanation suddenly dawned. I had been passing within twenty feet of a well-camouflaged battery, and the French at that instant had fired one of their big guns.—JULIUS V. POTE, *Roaring Spring, Pa.*

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## What's Wrong in Washington?

(Continued from page 11)

cessor. He intimated that it might be some while before one was named.

This will be just as well. The President has apparently conceded that he made an unfortunate selection last time. Mr. Forbes did not carry the load. Mr. Forbes is an engineer by profession, with a record of good work on Federal jobs on the Pacific coast, in Hawaii and in the Philippine Islands. He is a Republican, and when the Harding Administration came in he ranked as a deserving Republican out of employment. He went to Washington expecting a job with the Shipping Board, but no job was there—none, at least, for Mr. Forbes.

But legislation which the Legion had been promoting for two years to consolidate the scattered agencies having to do with veteran rehabilitation was in its final stages. When the creation of the Veterans Bureau seemed certain Mr. Harding began to cast about for a head for the new agency. He asked the Legion's late Commander, F. W. Galbraith, Jr., to take the post, but Mr. Galbraith said he could serve the veterans better where he was. Major General Leonard Wood was considered, but other responsibilities claimed his energies. Mr. Forbes received the directorship in payment of a political debt.

It is not that political debts cannot be paid and the public service benefited at one and the same time; but it failed in this case. As it worked out the Administration has been embarrassed, the veteran and the public have suffered, and Mr. Forbes has been done an injustice. These facts have not escaped the observation of the President. His first choice for a successor to Mr. Forbes was Thomas W. Miller of Delaware, an active Legionnaire since the Paris caucus and at present a member of the National Executive Committee. Mr. Miller is Alien Property Custodian, and expressed a desire not to be transferred from that office. Past National Commander Franklin D'Olier could have the place, but his hands are full of Legion work in Pennsylvania and his personal affairs. The list of possibilities is still lengthy, however, and the President is giving the matter careful study. The situation does not call for haste, and he is biding his time, which is well.

The causes which led to Mr. Forbes's retirement and the present shakeup reach back over a long period. They have their inception, virtually, in the inception of the Bureau, which became an accomplished fact in August of 1921. Mr. Forbes was pitchforked into the job because work more suited to his training was not available. It is said in Washington that when he went into the Bureau he did not expect to stay there long—only until something better opened in the Shipping Board. Nevertheless, he tackled his immediate task with vigor.

Few realized then, as too few realize now, that the Veterans Bureau presents one of the most trying and difficult situations in the government service. It is as vast an enterprise as a government department headed by a cabinet officer—vaster than most of them—and it occupies first place in the recently announced gov-

ernment budget for 1923. It is bad enough now, but it was worse in 1920 when Forbes took hold. He did not start from scratch. He was given three government agencies which had been manhandling the veterans' problems in terrific fashion; these he was to weld into one great machine, and keep the current wants of veterans supplied in the meantime.

Mr. Forbes also had certain distinct advantages on his side. He had the backing of the President, who was personally interested—which was fine as long as the President acted in person. When General Sawyer became the White House spokesman on matters of hospitalization it was another story, but that is water over the dam. General Sawyer and the Legion have reconciled their differences and of late the General has performed some very helpful service in connection with the needed house-cleaning in the Bureau. Then Mr. Forbes had almost unlimited financial backing. The Bureau's appropriation for the current year is \$400,000,000, or about what it took to run the whole United States Government in 1895. The Bureau has had the co-operation of The American Legion, which under A. A. Sprague took a most active and, bureau officials say, helpful form. That co-operation carries on under Joe Sparks, Mr. Sprague's successor, as chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee.

Early in the game, however, close observers of the trend of affairs profess to have detected signs that the situation was getting out of the director's hands. More power was constantly delegated to subordinates, and there was inadequate check as to whether that power was used wisely or well. The Bureau went forward, though, gradually bringing method out of disorder, but money was being spent lavishly, and Director Forbes was kept in ignorance of many evils. Progress was being bought at too great a price. As one who is a friend of Mr. Forbes put it:

"The organization expanded too swiftly for any one man to keep abreast of it. Mr. Forbes sought to surround himself with able and faithful assistants. He thus came to trust too many people, and to trust them too far. The goodness of his heart and his abounding faith in mankind did him injury and began to do the Bureau injury. More and more did subordinates begin to assume the responsibility of important decisions. Ambitious men began to scheme and connive for the favor of the director. An important letter or contract would be placed before the director with an incomplete or imperfect explanation of its significance. It would be, 'Here, Charlie, I know you're busy, but sign this.' And Mr. Forbes would sign. The tremendous strain of work began to show. About the first of the year he began to realize where his course was leading him. He tried to take a brace. But he was a sick man and his hour had passed. And so he passed, too. It is too bad. His heart was in his work, and the disabled American veteran owes much to Charles R. Forbes."

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has been repeated in many quarters in Washington. More specific inquiry has brought forth, from this quarter and that, these details which the writer was able to confirm, circumstantially, at a most trustworthy source.

There grew up within the Bureau what might be called a triumvirate—three able subordinates who, realizing the problems of the director, sought to throw about him a protective screen. The triumvirs were Dr. Hugh Scott, executive officer, Charles F. Cramer, chief counsel, and Colonel Robert U. Patterson, head of the Medical Division. They were the Big Three. They were reputed to be the powers behind the throne. The combination worked well, and the Bureau made its greatest strides under this arrangement. Then, beginning about six months ago, differences began to arise among the triumvirs themselves. Scott is supposed to have become imbued with the idea that Patterson and Cramer were leading Forbes along the wrong paths. Patterson is a Regular Army officer. His methods are those of that service. Scott is a civilian physician of high professional standing in the Southwest. For ten or fifteen years he was in the Oklahoma National Guard. Cramer is a lawyer and an old friend of Forbes. Contracts for construction, purchases and leases came within his jurisdiction.

Scott called these matters to Mr. Forbes's attention, so the story goes, and got no satisfaction. Then he went to the President. What he told the President no one but Dr. Scott and Mr. Harding knows, and neither is talking just now. When Mr. Forbes learned of this he sent Scott to Muskogee, Oklahoma.

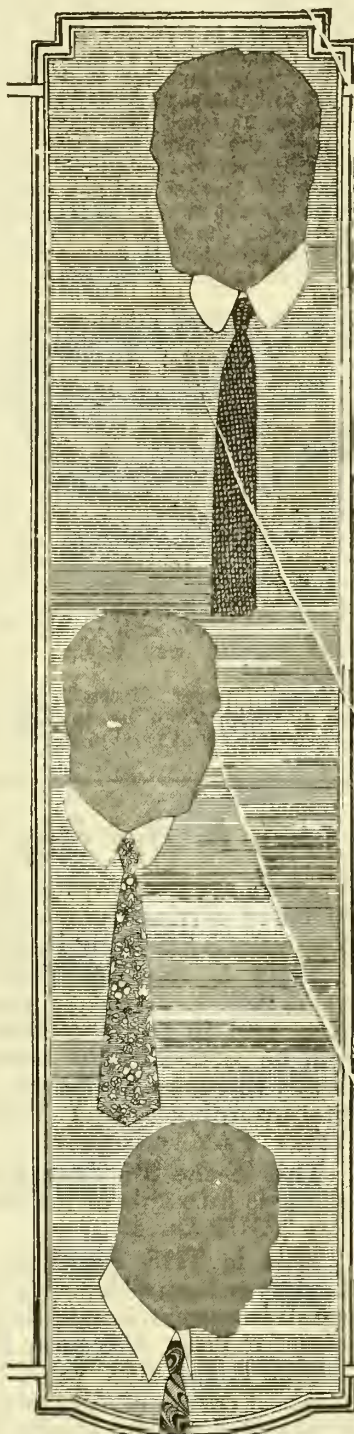
This happened about the first of the year, and at the same time General Sawyer, the President's physician, and close adviser on veteran rehabilitation

### Arizona Forges Ahead

Showing a sudden burst of speed, Arizona jumped from twenty-third to thirteenth position in the Weekly subscription card sweepstakes during the week ending February 21st. Not satisfied with romping ahead of the one hundred percent mark, Georgia carries on, determined to hold the MacNider Cup another year. Here is the standing of all departments in proportion of 1923 cards received on February 21st, to total 1922 membership, together with their position on the same date last year, based on the same ratio:

1923	1922	1923	1922
1 Georgia .....	42	25 Arkansas .....	7
2 Idaho .....	31	26 Maryland .....	20
3 S. Dakota .....	15	27 Montana .....	29
4 Illinois .....	32	28 Ohio .....	5
5 Iowa .....	6	29 California .....	40
6 Indiana .....	13	30 Virginia .....	30
7 Rhode Island..	12	31 S. Carolina .....	37
8 Kansas .....	19	32 Wyoming .....	24
9 Nebraska ....	1	33 Washington .....	44
10 Utah .....	9	34 W. Virginia .....	39
11 N. Hampshire	18	35 N. Carolina .....	17
12 Delaware ....	35	36 Alabama .....	22
13 Arizona .....	45	37 Massachusetts .....	43
14 Maine .....	34	38 Vermont .....	28
15 Colorado .....	36	39 Kentucky .....	10
16 Penna .....	16	40 Michigan .....	27
17 Minnesota ....	2	41 Oregon .....	25
18 Wisconsin ....	8	42 Mississippi .....	33
19 Oklahoma ....	3	43 Nevada .....	48
20 New York ....	41	44 New Jersey .....	46
21 N. Dakota ....	4	45 Missouri .....	14
22 Tennessee ....	26	46 New Mexico .....	11
23 Connecticut ..	38	47 Florida .....	21
24 Texas .....	23	48 D. of C.....	49
	49 Louisiana ....	47	

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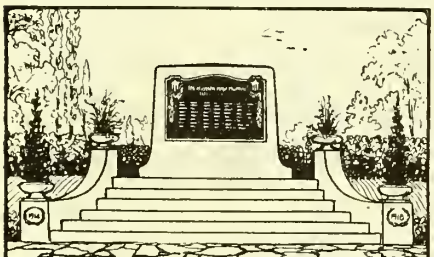
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matters, received a phone call from Surgeon General Cummings of the Public Health Service. General Cummings protested against the sale of surplus hospital supplies at Perryville, Maryland, where a large depot of the Veterans Bureau is located. Eight or ten million dollars' worth of material, General Cummings reported, was being sold in part to Thompson & Kelley, brokers of Boston, at much less than its true value at the very time the Public Health Service was being obliged to go out into the market and buy such supplies at current prices. It is significant to note that the firm of Thompson & Kelley is conspicuous among the purchasers of surplus army goods at low prices.

General Sawyer called on Director Forbes who agreed to stop the removal of supplies from Perryville and sent a telegram to this effect. A few days later General Sawyer received word that the sales were continuing nevertheless. He ordered his car and was driven to Perryville. As he entered the cantonment he saw a heavily-laden truck go out. He saw another being loaded. He broke open one of the boxes. It contained towels. Inquiry developed that they were being sold for twenty percent of cost. They were good towels, such as the Public Health Service was buying for its current needs.

General Sawyer directed that the truck unload. Then he speeded back to Washington and related the story to

the President, who immediately issued an executive order directing that such sales or deliveries cease. Notwithstanding this, however, General Cummings later protested that mattresses were being sold at Perryville at great discount when the Government actually needed mattresses in its hospitals. It is alleged furthermore that materials were shipped to Perryville from various parts of the country to augment the "surplus" there which allegedly favored firms were buying at bargain rates.

In the developments of this period the Camp Kearny (California) hospital site lease plays an important part. The story that the Government had lost heavily by this transaction had long been in circulation. In fact, the Weekly investigated the matter last August. The facts are these: The Veterans Bureau leased of the Mack Copper Company 320 acres of desert land for a period of one year and two weeks for \$40,000. The terms are most peculiar. To make up this total for the first two weeks the Bureau paid a rental of \$35,000, and for the fifty-two weeks following a rental of \$5,000. The land is part of the old Camp Kearny cantonment site which the Mack company leased to the Government for the nominal sum of one dollar. The land has a sale value of about \$25 an acre or less. The lease bears the signature of Mr. Cramer of the Veterans Bureau and J. W. Clifton, attorney for the copper company, as witnesses.

## This Is the Big Year

There are five ways to say it, and each of them carries the conviction of a million who are making it come true:

THIS is the Big Year, because five years will have passed since the Armistice, and in the meantime the veteran will be settled in the community he intends to make his home. Five years of metamorphosis, and THIS is the Big Year. PAY your dues!

This IS the Big Year, because the flow of cards into this office shows that it IS. Pay YOUR Dues!

This is THE Big Year, because the Legion accomplishments in the past are small in comparison with those it is planning for 1923. Pay your DUES!

This is the BIG Year, because in the farthest corner of the globe, in the largest cities and in the smallest villages the men of The American Legion have caught the spirit of making it the BIGGEST in its history. PAY your dues!

This is the Big YEAR, because 365 days of it are to be filled with Legion work and Legion activity. Pay YOUR Dues!

After YOU have paid YOUR dues, help your Post put this message over in five emphatic, double-fisted, red-blooded syllables!

**THIS IS THE BIG YEAR**

Pay Your Dues Get a Buddy to Pay His

### POST OFFICERS!

Are you watching the Department Percent-age League?

How does your State stand in 1923? How did it stand in 1922?

Many posts are far ahead, but they will not stop until every service button is a Legion emblem.

The whole race depends on the record cards you send the Weekly. Get them into us correctly filled out. Get them in as fast as you can.

They will help your Department.

This is our busy year, but if we can help you, tell us how.



It was claimed that these terms were exorbitant. A representative of the Weekly explained the terms of the lease to Director Forbes, who agreed to investigate. Two days later he informed the Weekly man that he understood the matter thoroughly and everything was all right. He told the Weekly's representative to see Mr. Cramer, who would explain. Mr. Cramer denied any previously existing partnership with Clifton, but stated that when he first came to Washington he had no office and received his mail at Clifton's office. Continuing, Mr. Cramer said, according to the reporter's account:

"Before I go into this Camp Kearny matter I want to tell you something about myself. I worked for an oil company in California at a very large salary, and came here to help out my friend Charlie Forbes. The first thing I did when I came to Washington was to buy President Harding's house for \$60,000. That did not hurt me with the Administration any. I am a member of every club in town. I am no piker.

"The Camp Kearny situation was simply this. We did not consider the value of the land in arranging the terms of the lease. It was merely a question of safeguarding the interests of the sick soldiers in the hospital. If we had not paid this money out immediately these soldiers would have been thrown on the street. We had to protect them, and we took the best means at our disposal to do it."

Mr. Cramer explained that the payment of \$35,000 for two weeks' rental and \$5,000 for the following fifty-two weeks was arranged to satisfy holders of a mortgage against the land. He omitted to explain—as the reporter notes—just how the situation of the 400 veterans in the hospital would have been jeopardized by foreclosure. Long drawn out legal proceedings would have been necessary to obtain possession or a legal right to throw any veterans "on the street," even had the foreclosers been so callously minded.

The White House also received a report from California sources on several other Veterans Bureau deals in that region. One was the purchase by the Bureau of 134 acres of old vineyard land at Livermore, near Oakland. As this story is said to have reached the President, an attempt was made to sell this land to the city of San Francisco in 1921 for \$75,000, but the price was considered too high, and a politician was suspected of being in for a rake-off. The land was inspected by a Veterans Bureau agent in the fall of 1921, and the following February the Bureau bought it for \$105,000.

Dr. Scott went to Oklahoma on January 16th. Immediately thereafter Mr. Forbes was pressed, unofficially, to relieve Mr. Cramer. He evaded the issue and pleaded for a few days' time to think it over. Mr. Cramer was urged to resign. He promised to. Gossip was strong that Mr. Forbes's retirement was only a matter of a few days. This talk must have reached the director. Something, at any rate, had a bracing effect upon him. On January 22d he called a conference attended by his division heads (with the exception of Mr. Cramer) and representatives of veterans' organizations. Joe Sparks and Watson B. Miller, commander of the District of Columbia Department, were there for the Legion. Mr. Forbes delivered a very forceful speech. He intimated there had been "politics", "gumshoeing" and "in-



## The Shaving Mug Anthology

Being the driver of the Commercial House bus, Ike Blew had a shaving mug with crossed coaching whips upon it. Sliver Niles never dropped a dime in the cash drawer when he scraped Ike's weathered face, Ike paying in cigars—four Sweet Nellies—that always

sold for a nickel apiece. The drummers always told their new stories to Ike on the way from the depot, and Ike always roared at them. That's how he got the cigars. Ike didn't use tobacco in any form. He said it was a filthy habit. He chewed snuff.

## Do you pack a wet brush in your bag?

Thousands of men will tell you, voluntarily, that you can't beat, or even tie, a Barbasol shave.

The world's greatest Barbasol booster, however, is the man who travels, shaving in crowded Pullman washrooms or in tank town hotels where the hot water is cold.

The way he talks, you'd think he was selling Barbasol instead of using it.

He is done with chasing a shaving brush around the washroom floor and packing it, wet and soggy, in his traveling bag.

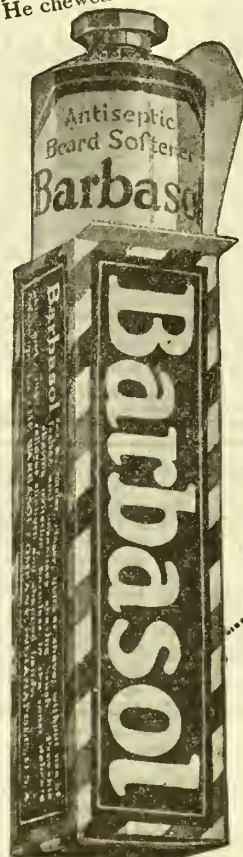
He is through, too, with the tedious lather rub-in, and with after-shaving lotions.

He merely washes his face in hot or cold water, spreads a film of Barbasol over his beard, and shaves with a few long, even strokes of his razor.

He gets head-barber shaves seven mornings a week, close, clean, quick shaves that are cool and soothing to his skin.

He'll tell you that Barbasol holds each hair erect for the razor's edge—this lather cannot do—and softens the beard as well.

Your druggist sells Barbasol in tubes, 35 and 65 cents, or a dime and the attached coupon will introduce you to enough Barbasol for six shaves, at least, and presto! a change from daily morning grief to lifetime shaving comfort.



# Barbasol

no soap no brush  
no rub-in

The  
Barbasol Co.  
Indianapolis, Ind.

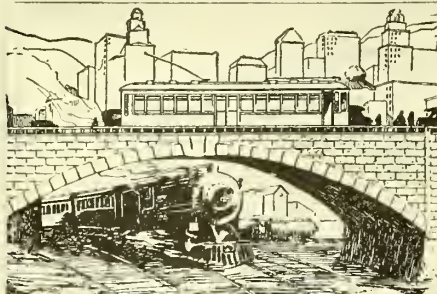
I want to give Barbasol a fair trial. Herewith find ten cents (stamps or coin). Send your one week's trial tube.

Name.....

Address.....

A. L. W. 3-9-25





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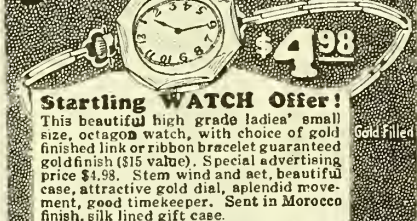
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—Just think you can make YOUR OWN phono. records. Talk-Sing-Play. Simple, anybody can do it. Use any phonograph. No special attachment needed. —Mail your voice instead of a letter. —COMPLETE OUTFIT: including 3 double faced metal records, special recording needles, also reproducing megaphone. Send postpaid only \$2.00 (C.O.D. 10c extra) (Complete instructions Free).  
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**COMPLETE \$2.00 OUTFIT**

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as distributor for nationally advertised specialty. Must be a result getter, able to finance operations and make cash investment of \$500 to \$1000, secured with merchandise. Liberal profits. Users 100% satisfied. A-1 references required. Address

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trigue" within the Bureau, and that he had taken drastic measures to stop it. He told his auditors that if they wanted information on any subject to come to him, the Director. Several times he declared he was in the Bureau to stay.

"You know I am not tired of this task," he said, "and I have not finished my part of the task and I am going to stay until I do finish it, and I do not care what criticism comes or how you may attempt or anyone may attempt to break down the morale of this institution. I am going to stay, and with God's help direct its policies and build it up, so that when the big job is done those of us who have contributed our share will feel satisfied in our own hearts that we did render a service honestly and faithfully."

This language was impressive; and it was certainly specific. Did White House authority lie behind it? The following day Mr. Forbes visited the President. The conference lasted an hour and a half. What did it mean? The next day Mr. Cramer resigned. One day later Mr. Forbes went to New York, and the White House announced he was on his way to Europe for his health. But the insiders knew differently. They knew Mr. Forbes would never return as director of the Veterans Bureau. It is Mr. Harding's easy way.

When Mr. Forbes sailed he left an undated resignation with the President effective February 28th and subject to release by cable from Mr. Forbes. On February 13th the White House received a cable from Mr. Forbes to release the resignation. Meantime the Veterans Bureau affairs had been aired in Congress. Representative Larsen of Georgia related the Perryville story, and charged recklessness in other expenditures. At Stockton, California, he said, \$60,000 a year was being paid for a training school at which no men were in training. Rentals at Nauvoo, Illinois, were \$152,000 a year to accommodate 176 trainees. He asked for a Congressional investigation. Two other Congressmen and Senator Sutherland made similar requests. In this situation Mr. Forbes's friends are said to have cabled

him to withdraw his resignation, as he was under fire. On the 14th the White House is said to have received a cable from Mr. Forbes withdrawing confirmation of the resignation. If there was such a cable the President ignored it, because on February 15th he made public Director Forbes's resignation. As this is written Mr. Forbes is reported to be on the ocean en route to the States to meet the situation.

Of the four requests for a Congressional investigation, interest centers about those of Representative Hamilton Fish of New York, a Legionnaire, and Senator Sutherland. The Rules Committee in the House and a special committee in the Senate are hearing testimony in support of the need for such an inquiry. An affirmative report is a foregone conclusion, and the ship subsidy bill filibuster is the only thing that can prevent action by the Senate and House ordering the inquiry. If so ordered, it will begin about the middle of March. The Congressional committees have heard in evidence practically everything that has been stated in this review, and a good deal more besides. In Philadelphia it is charged that veterans' teeth have been filled with brass and iron when the Government was paying for silver and gold. Representative Fish declared \$100,000 was paid for a tuberculous hospital site at Chelsea, New York, which a year before had sold for \$26,000. He declared also that he had evidence that in New York City the Bureau leased for \$60,000 a year a building that could have been bought for that. Then \$50,000 was spent on repairs. Such instances could be extended.

It is for the new director, in whose selection the President is exercising such pains, to note such of these shortcomings and mistakes as may be found to have basis. It will be a part of his education in what not to do. More important, of course, will be his conception of what to do, and his ability to do it. The man who makes a success of the Veterans Bureau will be a big man—possibly when he goes in, at any rate when he goes out.

## Montana Compensation Law Invalid

THE Supreme Court of Montana has declared unconstitutional the adjusted compensation law enacted by vote of the people of Montana last November. The court based its decision on much the same grounds as those given by the New York Court of Appeals which in 1921, by a divided decision, declared the New York compensation bill unconstitutional. It held that the Montana law violated a provision of the State Constitution forbidding the State to give or loan its credit or make

donations or grants to individuals. The Montana decision acquires especial interest by reason of its bearing on the pending Federal adjusted compensation bill. In announcing its decision the court declared:

"The obligation rests primarily upon the United States Government, if anywhere, to make suitable provision and allowance to those who rendered military service, rather than upon the State as one of the units of the United States."

## A Bedtime Story

(Continued from page 6)

replied, and felt sure that he had again given the correct answer.

The questions and answers now came thick and fast.

"And in what waters?"

"Inland waters, sir."

"What inland waters?"

That question seemed a bit unfair. The good young man was sure that it was not in the book, but the kindly old

gentlemen was not using notes, so he did not like to make a scene about it. There did not seem to be anything to do but make some sort of an answer.

"Orange Lake, Lake Luzerne," he began, and then something seemed to warn him that the examiner knew those fish ponds and just about how small they were, so he added, "and Lake George, sir."



The kindly old gentleman jumped at that like a trout at a brown hackle.

"Have you ever sailed a boat on Lake George?" he asked.

Now the nearest our hero had ever come to yachting on Lake George was to watch the international motor boat races there, so he replied:

"No, sir, I referred to power boats there."

"Hmm," said his inquisitor, "I rather thought so. Lake George is a very peculiar lake and is not at all adapted to sailing. There are only two sailboats on the lake, and I own one of them."

Of course if his last answer had made it necessary, our hero could have snapped back with: "And I own the other one, sir."

But I doubt if he could have got away with it, don't you?

The moral of this story, dear readers, is:

"Always tell the truth because you never can tell when you will be caught in a lie."

Good night, dear little playmates.

## Give the Children a Chance

(Continued from page 6)

gress can thus regulate matters entrusted to local authority by prohibition of the movement of commodities . . . the power of the States over local matters may be eliminated and thus our system of government be practically destroyed."

Justices Holmes, Brandeis, McKenna and Clarke took a different view. They held that "the act does not meddle with anything belonging to the States. They may regulate their internal affairs and their domestic commerce as they like. But when they seek to send their products across the state line they are no longer within their rights. If there were no Constitution and no Congress their power to cross the line would depend upon their neighbors. Under the Constitution such commerce belongs not to the States but to Congress to regulate."

A pleasing touch of acid was introduced by Mr. Justice Holmes, who wrote the dissenting opinion. Justices must couch their most poignant reflections in terms of purest courtesy, and Judge Holmes obeyed this unwritten rule. Yet one finds not the slightest difficulty in understanding what he means:

"If there is any matter upon which civilized countries have agreed—far more unanimously than they have with regard to intoxicants and some other matters over which this country is now emotionally aroused—it is the evil of premature and excessive child labor. I should have thought that if we were to introduce our own moral conceptions where in my opinion they do not belong this was pre-eminently a case for upholding all its powers by the United States."

That water has gone over the dam, but the review is important because it has been demonstrated that during the lives of the two Federal laws, from 1916 to May, 1922, these laws actually did protect the children. The number employed in industry decreased and laws were enacted in various states prescribing a minimum age limit and fixing

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YOU as a Legion member will be asked to contribute to The American Legion Overseas Graves Decoration Fund, told about in the article on page nine of this issue. There is no greater service which the Legion, through its individual members can render, than to keep freshly decorated the graves of American Soldiers in Europe. Let us pay your share of the money to be collected for this \$100,000 Fund.

Every loyal Legionaire should spread the good Legion gospel by helping get a wider circulation for The American Legion Weekly. The annual subscription rate to those not fortunate enough to belong to the Legion is \$2.00. If you will get one person to subscribe to your Weekly at \$2.00, we will contribute fifty cents of that amount to this \$100,000 Fund.

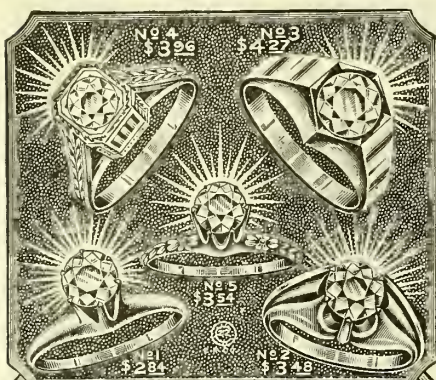
Your name will then be listed among the donors to the Fund. Fifty cents will be contributed for you on every yearly two dollar subscription which you send in. Use the coupon for one subscription. If more than one, attach list.

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American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.  
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the hours of employment. Every State has today a compulsory education law of some sort, although seven had none in 1910, and in the same period the number of States fixing a maximum working day of eight hours for children in a considerable number of occupations increased from seven to twenty-eight. The number of those having no prohibition of night work for children fell from twenty-three to seven. Likewise twenty-two States enacted laws compelling part-time education.

The expunged statutes are still of value as fixing a desirable standard of child protection. They provided that no child under the age of sixteen should be employed in a mine or quarry and none under the age of fourteen in a cannery or factory. Taking these ages as the golden rule by which the acts of the States may be measured we find that thirteen States are in advance of the Federal standard. It seems worth while naming the good thirteen. They are:

Alabama, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee, West Virginia, Wisconsin.

Being still under the influence of that urge toward pessimism, I must point out that the good laws are not always well enforced, perhaps not even often there. It is highly unlikely they will ever be weakened, and as time goes on it is probable they will be more rigidly obeyed. Then there are four other States—Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana and North Dakota—which arc up to or surpass the Federal standards except in permitting the employment of boys in mines or quarries. Not to do the four an injustice it should be pointed out that the census of 1920 shows that in the four States a total of forty-two children were so employed. Not so bad. Suppose we go a bit farther in dissecting the child labor situation in the several States:

Twenty-seven States forbid the employment of children under fourteen in factories or canneries.

Seventeen do likewise with certain exemptions.

Delaware, Mississippi, Utah, Virginia and Wyoming are below this standard—but none of these is essentially a manufacturing or canning State, unless we except Delaware.

Twenty-seven States fix a maximum eight-hour day and forty-eight hour week for children under sixteen in factories and canneries. Two others have certain exemptions.

Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Virginia and Wyoming are below this standard. But the New Hampshire House of Representatives last month passed a bill establishing a forty-eight hour week for women and children.

Twenty-six States forbid night work for children under sixteen in factories or canneries. Eleven have certain exemptions.

Delaware, Georgia, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Mississippi, Nevada, South Dakota, Utah, Texas, Virginia and Wyoming either do not forbid or do not protect up to sixteen.

Twenty-four States forbid work in

mines or quarries for boys under sixteen. Seven similarly protect in mines but do not in quarries. Eighteen either fix a lower minimum age or fail to fix any minimum at all.

This is bad enough, in all conscience. To examine the statutes from a different angle it appears that it is possible to compel a five-year-old child to work in a cannery in any one of four States. In fifteen States children under sixteen may work as many hours a day as they can stand or sit. In twelve States children are permitted to work at night, and in five of the twelve there are no restrictions on night work worth mentioning. In eighteen States it is possible to send boys under the age of sixteen to work in mines and quarries.

But—it is not so bad as it was in 1910, as shown by the census returns. We are getting better. The census shows that while the child population between the ages of ten and fifteen years has increased by slightly more than 15 percent—almost one seventh—the number of children reported as employed has decreased almost one half.

Figures are odious things, and I shall avoid them as far as possible. But in the decade 1910-1920 the use of child labor decreased in every State of the Union except Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, Washington and the District of Columbia. In the textile industries the number of children decreased almost one third, although the total number of employes had increased by three fourths. In the cotton mills there are fewer children by almost one half, although the employee total was almost doubled. This improvement took place very largely in the South, in which there was a marked betterment in labor laws during the ten years.

Secretary of Labor Davis does not concede that the situation has improved to the extent one gathers from these facts. He points out that "the census of 1920 was taken at a period approaching industrial depression. Further, the facts were taken as of January 1, when there were fewer children engaged in agricultural and other seasonal employments than in April, when the census of 1910 was taken." Even he, however, admits that the situation has improved, for he adds that "during the decade there were constantly increasing efforts on the part of the States to control this evil, and the Federal laws were in operation while the census of 1920 was being taken, while 1910 was an open season."

There is another phase of the child labor situation that one enters upon with some diffidence. It may be that some of the child laborers are not being imposed on at all. More than half of the million children found by the census to be at work at some gainful occupation were at work on the home farm. Those who have risen on frosty mornings to slop the pigs will remember the resentment that filled their childish breasts. They will recall how very tired they got weeding corn, and the memory of the back-break that followed potato culture is sure to be vivid. But one wonders, mildly, in the face of the more violent humanitarians, if such children were seriously abused. One has a sort of a recollection that boys who grew up on farms were extraordinarily husky. Surgeon General Ireland, from whom a quotation will be made later, in his re-



view of the physical examination of the 4,000,000 men gathered for our war Army points out that the tallest and strongest came from the farming States. They could jump higher, holler louder, hit harder, walk farther and lift more than their city friends.

At the least we must differentiate between the children engaged in labor on the home farm and those who work in factories. Of the statistics Miss Grace Abbott, head of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, says:

"According to the census of 1920, 647,000 children were reported to be engaged in agriculture, forestry or animal husbandry, the majority, or 88 percent, as laborers on the home farm. There were 187,000 children employed in mechanical and manufacturing industries, 80,000 in some form of clerical occupation, 63,000 in trade; 54,000, the majority of them girls, were working at occupations classified as some form of personal or domestic service, and 7,000 boys were in mines and quarries."

No one is more vigorously opposed to child labor than Secretary Hoover of the Department of Commerce. He has done and is doing his best to prevent the exploitation of children in factories and manufacturing establishments. He is not wholly certain that an amendment to the Constitution is necessary, for it seems to him that a compulsory education law might be framed which would protect the children—and immediately—without embarking on the cumbersome process of Constitution tinkering. He points out that a child who goes to school must necessarily be absent from the factory during the school hours. One of the great evils arising from the use of children in industry is the consequent illiteracy, and a child may be protected against work by an amendment and still not be protected in its right to learn. He doubts whether the children of the farm, as a class, are being immoderately wronged.

"I do not believe that even the little fellows who have to pick cotton are injured," he has said. "But they must be protected in their right to go to school."

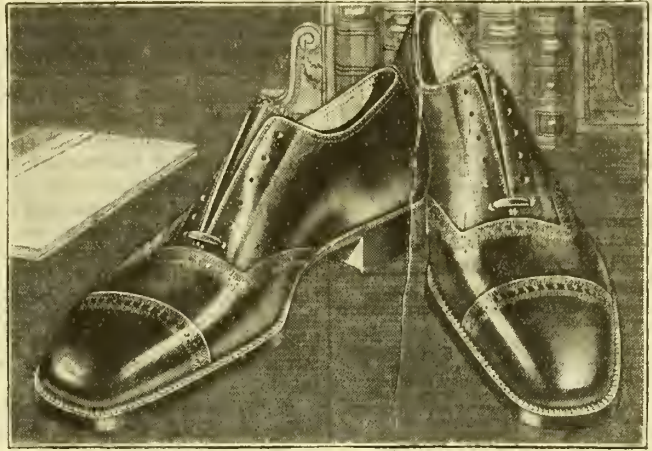
This permits a further quotation from Miss Abbott:

The proportion of child labor from 10 to 15 years of age ranges from three percent in the three Pacific Coast States to 17 percent in the East South Central States, comprising Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi. In Mississippi more than one fourth of such children were employed. In Alabama and South Carolina 24 percent, in Georgia 21 percent, and in Arkansas 19 percent of children worked. Of the New England States Rhode Island had the largest proportion of children from ten to fifteen years employed, or 13 percent, in gainful occupations. Except in the South no other State has so large a percentage of children employed as this State.

When all occupations are taken into account the proportion of children at work is larger in the South, but when non-agricultural occupations alone are considered the proportion is considerably larger for New England and for the Middle Atlantic States and slightly larger for the East North Central States—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin—than for any of the three Southern divisions.

Among the cities of 100,000 or more population the following have 10 percent or more of their child population between these ages at work: Fall River, 18 percent; New

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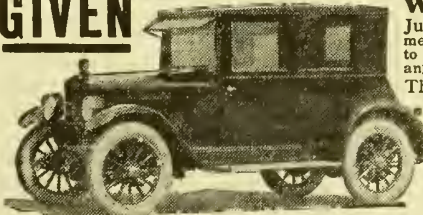
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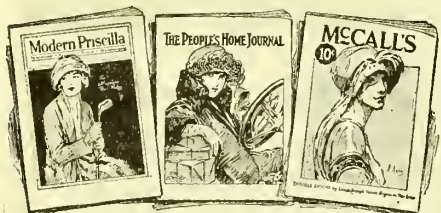
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Bedford, 17; Reading, 13; Atlanta, Providence, and Paterson, 12; Trenton, 11; New Orleans, Milwaukee, and St. Louis, 10.

I have been more or less familiar with child labor conditions for years, but until I read the statements made to the Senate sub-committee I had not recognized that the children of the farm were included in the impressive totals of the number of child victims. I am compelled to conclude that a very laudable enthusiasm for the cause of the oppressed child has led to a little—just a little—padding of the totals. Certainly it had never occurred to me before that the boys of Ohio, and Kentucky, and Mississippi, and Tennessee farms were the exploited victims of bloated slave drivers. Yet they are assuredly included in those very same totals.

Why, confound it, I've been an oppressed child myself. And I didn't know it.

It seems a shame to pick on Little Rhody as a bad example, but it cannot be helped. Two sets of figures—those concerning her child labor and those prepared by Surgeon General Ireland of the Army on the physical value of Rhode Island men—so emphasize the effect of premature and excessive labor on the stamina of the individual that it is impossible to evade them.

If the theory that the boy who works on his dad's farm is not abused so much that his growth is stunted is accepted, then the known, assayed, identifiable child labor situation in the United States takes on a different and more cheering aspect. According to the census takers only twelve percent—or 78,000—of the 647,000 children engaged in farm labor do not work on their own home farms. The Children's Bureau produces some very convincing evidence that these 78,000 little people are being abused and should be protected. If they are added to the other classes of children found engaged in gainful labors, we find that there are but 469,000 children in the United States who are tabbed, ticketed and ledgered as being at work at such ages and under such conditions that not only is their physical and mental development being dwarfed but the rest of us—the community—is injured because of this flood of sickly, nervous, defective, ignorant men and women being poured into the common stream each year. These 469,000 children are made up of the following classes:

Engaged in farm labor.....	78,000
Factory workers.....	187,000
Clerical Workers.....	80,000
In trade.....	63,000
Domestic Service.....	54,000
Mines and quarries.....	7,000

469,000

That is a cheering reduction from the million children of whom the

proponents of more rigid child labor legislation speak. The twenty-fourth rather than the twelfth child seems to be the injured one. Unfortunately it is not so satisfactory as it sounds, for it has to do only with the children found by the census takers. There is another multitude, a voiceless, submerged multitude, of children who work but are not in the statistics. Many of them, pitiful thousands of them, are not yet ten years old, and so the census takers ignore them. Others are hidden from the census gatherers. Dire need drives them into employment. Others do home work—

"One little girl not quite three years old was found using a clothes pin to press on the tops of the snaps, to avoid hurting her fingers," writes one investigator. This was not an isolated case. No one thought much about her, one way or the other. There were too many other little girls of three or thereabouts. She differed from the others only in the tenderness of her fingers.

I said at the beginning of this article that the devilry of child labor is so universally recognized that I did not propose to waste much time writing about it. But the Children's Bureau has revealed the existence of a hitherto unknown class of child serfs—those who work on the great farms. Of these latter are the little tads who pull beets in Colorado and Michigan fields. They are paid by the ton, and the investigators find that "if a child pulled or topped one fourth of an acre, which is about an average day's work for a child, he would handle daily about four tons, allowing for the dirt and the extra weight of the tops."

Four-fifths of the children in the area studied had not reached the age of fourteen, more than one-fourth were under ten, and a number were not even eight years old. They worked from nine to eleven hours a day. Forty percent—two out of five—between the ages of nine and sixteen were from one to seven years behind in their studies. They will be a part of tomorrow's crop of voters.

"Postural deformities and malpositions due to strain were shown by 700 of the 1,000 children examined by a physician of the Children's Bureau."

Let's try to keep on looking on the bright side. They at least pulled their daily four tons of beets in the open air, under the blue sky. Their tender little bones were twisted in broad daylight. Surely it must count for something with a child of eight to feel that he may look at the incomparable circle of Colorado's peaks between whiles of tearing his thin flesh. But the children of the oyster canneries are not so fortunate—and the oyster belt is far from Colorado.

"Most of the cannery work was wet and dirty," says an official report, "and was done in cold, damp, drafty sheds, the oyster shuckers or shrimp pickers

## To All Our Correspondents

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY has opened an editorial office at National Headquarters where all editorial work in connection with Legion activities will be performed. Letters and manuscripts pertaining to activities of The American Legion should be sent there. The address is National Headquarters Bureau. The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana. This includes correspondence for the Keeping Step department, for instance, but does not include contributions to the Bursts and Duds page.



standing among the empty shells or hulls. The workers were liable to injuries from the sharp oyster shells and shrimp thorns. Their hands were constantly sore from handling the shrimp. Some canneries provided alum water in which they dipped their hands to harden them. In others the workers provided their own alum."

The work begins, sometimes, at three o'clock in the morning and lasts until the day's run of oysters or shrimps has been disposed of. That may be well into the night.

"Joe [aged eleven] cries when he starts for the cannery in the morning," said an apologetic mother. "It is so dark that he is afraid."

The shuckers are brought in from the nearest big town, usually Baltimore or New Orleans, and hived in barracks. Often the roof leaks; there are open cesspools almost at the door, and the overcrowded rooms in which the families live, one room to a family, are separated only by thin board partitions through which every sound is audible.

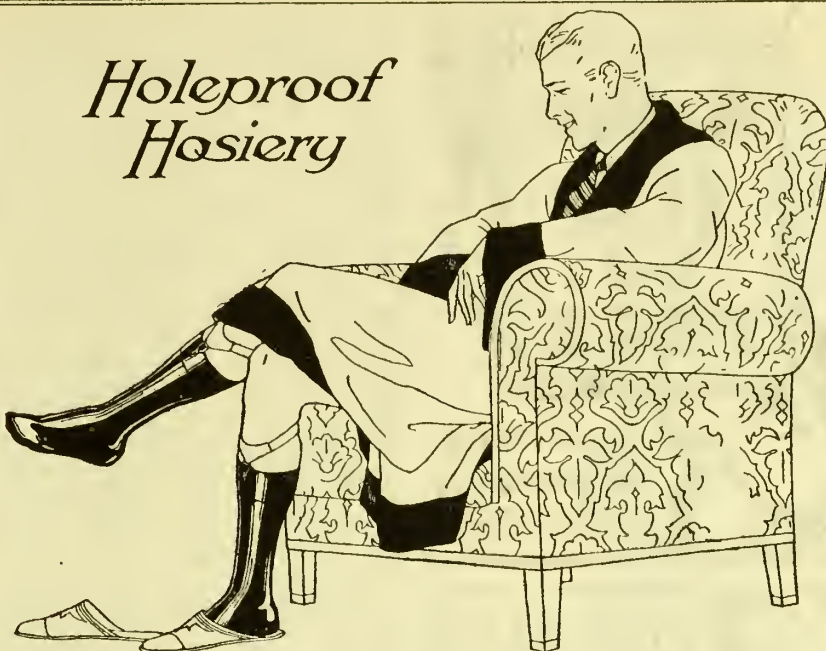
"These camps are often in bad repair," is the statement of an official investigator, "insanitary and overcrowded, neither physically or morally safe places for children. For the welfare of the migratory workers and especially for the education of their children no State or community feels itself responsible, and illiteracy among them is abnormally high."

I might go on with other stories of the child laborers, but it seems needless. The verdict is in. The jury of the public has ruled against a continuance of these abuses. The difficulty has been, ever since the American people definitely set itself against child labor, that the expression of the popular will has been a vague and scattered one. The laws of the forty-eight States are a miserable tangle. Miss Abbott calls them a crazy quilt, and declares that while in the better States the laws are often fairly well enforced, there is no "perfect community." Our intentions are excellent, and we react perfectly to the good, the beautiful and the true, but we do not do anything. As Senator Colt of Rhode Island said during a meeting of the senate sub-committee:

"My experience teaches me that the great drawback to popular government is the indifference, the apathy, the indolence and neglect of the average citizen in civic affairs. While we use the phrase 'expression of public opinion' you will find on analysis that the average citizen has not thought about such questions and has no opinion upon them at all."

Yet something has been done in the twenty-odd years during which the agitation against child labor in the United States has been an unpleasant, shrill, clamorous, sleep-destroying thing. When we began to get interested only two states in the world—Norway and Sweden—had a fourteen year old age minimum for child workers. That portion of the American people which is not apathetic and indifferent created organizations, gathered statistics, swamped the press of the world under stories of horror and aroused decent folk everywhere. Today Belgium, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Germany, Great Britain, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Rumania, and Switzerland are in the list. It is rather odd, since it is our capacity for hell-raising that has accomplished this, to find that, accord-

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gionnaires and one million non-members look forward to the appearance of The Weekly, that together they make two million Legion boosters—and this is the BIG YEAR. New members are pouring in, and new readers are writing to compliment The Weekly on its rapid improvements. They are talking about your magazine—their magazine.

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ing to Secretary of Labor Davis, "in a number of States the employment of children under fourteen is permitted under conditions which in a general way rank with Japan, China and India." None have been so bad, perhaps, as Persia, where the children who weave the rugs for which Americans sometimes pay fabulous prices sit cross-legged at their looms until their unformed muscles atrophy and they must be carried to and from their work.

The experience of the brief period during which the two Federal laws operated served to demonstrate that Federal action is desirable. Not only do the States move slowly—"it has taken eighteen years to bring one State up to limiting the work of children under fourteen to ten hours a day," said a witness—but it has been shown that the support of the Federal laws is needed even in the States in which there are laws that are up to the Federal standard. Somehow, the fact that Uncle Sam is inspecting factory conditions is more depressing than the knowledge that good old John Doe, the biddable neighbor, will be around next week or the week after, to see how many little children are on the machines. The state laws were more rigidly enforced during the life of the Federal laws, and since the latter were nullified there has been a distinct increase in the employment of children in many States, even when forbidden by the state laws.

So far as may be seen at present, no resolution looking to a constitutional

amendment having been reported out of the Senate committee, the tendency today is to raise the age limit of child protection to eighteen years. There is no disposition to forbid the employment of children under that age. The senators who have been considering the various propositions realize this is neither possible nor desirable. They are at present suggesting that Congress, by the enactment of laws to follow the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution, shall prescribe the conditions under which children may work. It is even possible that an amendment may be reported out covering the broad ground that Congress may define the terms on which a minor may be employed.

It is likely that the threatened conflict with the state rights men will be avoided—one of the numerous things that bugaboo both houses of Congress is the chance that some one may scream state rights—by the assumption of concurrent jurisdiction with the States. It may be that a compulsory education law may be devised which will both shield the child laborers and suit the Supreme Court. But—

Something will be done. That seems sure. Something will be done for the "poor victims," to quote Secretary Davis, "who, when they reach the age of manhood and womanhood are wrecks, physically, mentally and morally, a large percentage of them landing in the poorhouse or the madhouse or the jail or a premature grave."

## Invaded America

(Continued from page 10)

idea, and soon Saxons and Lithuanians, Bavarians and Poles were fighting pitched battles in the streets.

The kingdom of Italy now declared war, and sent its armies up across the Alps. The foreign workmen in the munition factories threw down their tools. Deprived thereby of ammunition, the armies of the empire met the invaders with fixed bayonets, and were mowed down from a safe distance by the enemy machine guns. The remnants fled, disbanded and joined the wandering mobs.

The production and freighting of food was at an end, and millions perished. Others prowled about in packs like wolves, hunting food and plunder. Little children cried for food till they lay down to die.

Slinking down a back alley in Berlin, the Kaiser came upon the long-forgotten Ludendorff. The eyes of the old general were red from drinking, and



International

Headed by the post band and with colors flying, the members of Lincoln Post of The American Legion in Washington, D. C., paid reverence on Lincoln's Birthday to the man for whom the post is named. The impressive ceremonies were fittingly staged in the great Lincoln Memorial



his manner was insolent. Nevertheless he clicked heels and saluted.

"Ha!, Majesty!" he exclaimed in a hoarse voice. "I foresaw all this years ago, but you would not listen to me. Nevertheless I have provided a way of escape for you. Two squares down I have hidden an airplane, all prepared to take to the clouds and carry you to Copenhagen. I am here to escort you to that airplane. Pray take my arm, for the footing here is a trifle insecure. These children should not be allowed to die in the alleys so promiscuously. But lean upon me, Majesty, and we shall soon arrive at your conveyance."

(Here Mr. Hohenzollern stirred in his sleep and shifted his feet nervously. The watchful servant rearranged the rug.)

The dream-Kaiser accepted the arm of the aged General, and as the shadows darkened the two old men stumped down the dreadful alley. The stricken Emperor was silent, but Ludendorff laughed disagreeably and began to speak.

"Here, Majesty, is the end of the expansion of the German people," he began. "Better if we had been beaten twenty years ago, when the Allies made their last endeavor in 1918. Better if we had lost our profits and preserved our people—but careful, Majesty, that stone is slippery with blood, and if you should slip I might find myself too feeble to lift you up. I am charmed with your silence and your attention to what I have to say; it is so unusual. Here ends, I must repeat, the expansion of the German people by the incorporation of alien nationalities. It is regrettable that with the ending of this expansion the German people likewise comes to an end. But that is the general result of such expansion.

"At the end of the great war so brilliantly waged by you under my direction, your sway extended from Le Havre to the Gulf of Finland. Germany had taken in Belgium and northern France, Poland and Lithuania. You thought it was all Germany.

"You imagined that you ruled a nation. As a matter of fact, you ruled a menagerie.

"Within the confines of this greater Germany lived a hundred and ten million people. There were seventy-four million of these whom you might call Germans. The remaining thirty-six million were aliens of alien tradition, alien language, alien mentality.

"In those days I irritated you by calling your attention to the parallel case of the United States of America. There too there lived under one government a hundred and ten million people, of whom thirty-six million were aliens of alien tradition, alien language, alien mentality. There too these aliens were already showing their strong demoralizing influence in the affairs of the nation. I irritated you by imploring you repeatedly to observe the decline of America. In reply you threw an omelette at my head. I dodged the omelette, retired to the country, and subscribed to American newspapers.

"In 1923 I became convinced of America's fate. In that year The American Legion, the veterans' organization of the great war, made an effort to close America against further immigration. Had they succeeded, the dominant American strain might in time have mastered the remaining alien element,

no longer reinforced by fresh millions from Europe. But the endeavor was defeated by popular indifference, and that was the last of American nationalism.

"It is true the Americans faced greater disadvantages than we in Germany. Their free traditions and institutions, and their system of popular government, were far more easily corrupted by alien influences than has been the ironclad kultur of the German empire. Year by year I observed the increasing ignorance of the electorate that managed their public affairs through selection of public servants by popular election. Year by year I observed the great body of their citizenry separating into groups and classes sharply and more sharply defined. Year by year I observed the rising influence of unscrupulous agitators appealing to the alien element. And I noted likewise the swift decay of national sentiment.

"So when I saw the American government overthrown in 1930 I felt no surprise. The great demoralization of the American nation had been already accomplished. The resultant revolution, plague, famine and anarchy were natural and inevitable. It is too bad that your understanding could not arise to equal comprehension of the fact that confusion of races spells the death of a nation.

"For these reasons, Majesty, I had implored you to take warning from the ruin of America. But with your usual judgment you shook me cold. You see the result. In fact, you are stepping on one of the results just at present. That corpse was warm and breathing an hour ago. Here, Majesty, is your airplane. Hop!"

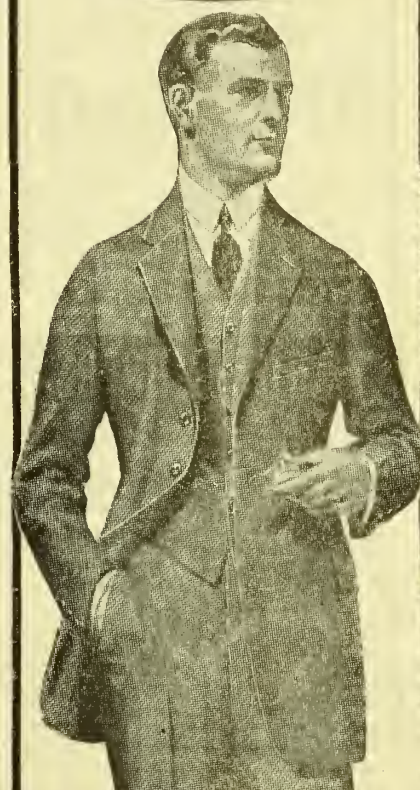
The Kaiser hopped. At the same moment, Mr. Hohenzollern in Holland kicked out with both feet and awoke himself. He stood up staring, and the servant folded the rug. Mr. Hohenzollern stared blankly about the level countryside. On his face at length appeared a smile.

"For the first time I see truth," he exclaimed, "thanks to that strange dream. It is Germany that has lost the war and saved its power, and it is America that won the war and now loses the peace! In beaten Germany with her sixty million nationals the nation is saved. In victorious America with her hundred and ten million inhabitants the nation is being overwhelmed. It is I, William Hohenzollern, who take my ease in Holland; and it is the American President who rules over a menagerie. By the good old German God, it is true! I see Germany saved, and the American Republic lost!"

SO much for the ex-Kaiser's dream. That dream is an allegory with a point. It is the accomplishment of that dream that The American Legion is out to prevent. If we prevent it, we preserve the nation. If we fail to prevent it, the time is close when we shall no longer have a nation.

It is a prime necessity that America bar incoming aliens until she can deal with the aliens already in. We want our alien inhabitants to become Americans and citizens. We cannot hope for the accomplishment of this as long as other aliens are crowding in at the rate of a half million every year. That is the situation today.

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**Madison Shirt Co., 503 Broadway, N.Y.C.**

**We Want 1000 Men like these**

Men or women can sell our line and make big money if they will work four to eight hours a day calling on homes and business houses. Boy Conant quit a \$6,000 a year job to take territory with us. Geo. Powell made \$195 his first week. L. O. Keeton made \$252 commissions on his first sale. Experience not absolutely necessary. We train you free. Prices within reach of all prospects—cash or easy payments. Write today giving past experience if any, and references.

**The Fyr-Fyter Co., 3301 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O**

The Legion is made up of men who entered the military service to keep this country American. Our armies crossed the Atlantic to meet and check an advancing army of two million men. That advance was checked. The signing of the Armistice ended the menace of that advance of the two million.

Awakened by this, at last we took cognizance of the invasion of the thirty million. That invasion, the greatest invasion of any land since history began, had been accomplished within the last forty years under the cover of a strange obscurity. There has been little talk of it, and little true realization; yet future histories of America will chronicle it as the Great Invasion, and the students of America in years to come will turn wondering eyes on our record, marveling that we should have been so blind.

A column of squads comes marching into America. It forms in countries little known to us in the hinterlands of Europe. It marches day and night, week after week; there is no faltering for a moment in the steady tramp of the incoming hordes. As the column flows down into our land it deploys in open order, and in myriads ever renewed it occupies the country. Not till a year has passed does the marching of that mighty column cease; and by that time an army of over thirty millions has taken America. The Americans watch sleepily from their front porches.

That is no exaggeration of the invasion of America. For there are now in America thirty-six and one-half million inhabitants of foreign birth or foreign parentage. There are coming into America to the approximate number of a half million yearly.

There are some who will say that laws are already in effect to restrain immigration. Let us consider how those laws work out.

Take the Pacific seaboard. The problem there is that of Japanese immigration; there is no other on the west coast large enough to be taken into account. There is a gentleman's agreement with Japan that is supposed to bar Japanese immigration. This can be and has been evaded by the bringing in of temporary—very temporary—"students"; by bringing in adopted "children" who are already shaving; by sending back to Japan for picture brides. The Japanese already in America are increasing far more rapidly in proportion than the American popula-

tion; they preserve their national culture and national spirit to the exclusion of proper American citizenship, and economically they co-operate as a clan against the American population. Efforts for the strict enforcement of the gentlemen's agreement serve only to awaken further resentment in the Japanese people, who are proud of their ancient culture and sensitive about their standing among the nations. And the agreement itself, aimed as it is at the Japanese entirely and involving as it does in its very nature the element of racial and national discrimination, will always be a disturbing element in our international relationships.

There is also a three percent act for the limitation of all other immigration. This act is designed to play the part of the little Dutch boy who stuck his thumb in the hole in the dike, kept out the sea and saved the city. The trouble in this case is that the little boy is only about a foot broad at the equator and the hole in the dike is a yard wide. Congress has anchored him in the hole and he tries faithfully to spread himself, but the flood comes in, around and over him. Under the three percent act 358,000 immigrants are admitted yearly, without considering the 150,000 estimated to have effected entrance into this country without consulting the immigration authorities about it. The three percent act is woefully inadequate.

Total exclusion is the remedy. It is likewise the nation's necessity.

The American Legion is the great national organization of American citizens. There are many former aliens in its ranks, many of alien descent. These men have proved their right to American citizenship by their participation in the military service of the nation. It is worthy of note that these men unite with their brother Legionnaires in the demand for exclusion of immigration. In recognition of these men, the Legion has adopted one exception to this proposal of total exclusion—the immediate family of any American soldier or any American ex-service man should be accorded entry.

There are forty-eight departments of the Legion in the continental United States. Under these forty-eight departments are eleven thousand posts. If these departments and these posts exert their united influence against immigration, immigration will be stopped. The Legion has the power to awaken the nation to its peril.

## The Legion Helps to Ban Arbuckle Films

**WILL H. HAYS**, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, has formally notified The American Legion that Roscoe Arbuckle, the comedian, will not resume acting for the movies and that the films featuring him which were unreleased when he was arrested in San Francisco will not be publicly exhibited. The American Legion is represented on the executive committee of the Committee on Public Relations of the Hays organization, the purpose of which is to elevate the artistic and moral standard of moving pictures. At a meeting of the Public Relations Committee called soon after Christmas, when it was announced that Arbuckle had been given permission to return to work in the

moving picture industry, The American Legion voted that the Arbuckle films be suppressed and that Arbuckle be not reinstated as an actor. This resolution was adopted without dissent, the representatives of more than sixty national organizations voting.

Mr. Hays, in advising of the final action of the producers, called attention to the repeated statement of the Famous Players Company that the films already made would not be released and said that this decision would not be altered. He also said that there were in existence a few films of Arbuckle made several years ago which are owned outright by individuals over whom he has no control.

Arbuckle is to become a director of comedies.





## Missing in Action—Duplicating Machines and Post Equipment

Back in the days of cubical engineering (building with animated tusk) Oscar L. Dogob needed not multigraphs, mimeographs, addressographs, and other machines of this nature.

The old bugler was the best duplicator that ever bounced notes off the wings of pup tents or pyramids. When the colonel wanted notices sent to his men, the bird with the horn soon typed out the dope on his keys. And he who refused to fall in learned to his sorrow that nothing really important could be pulled off in that war without his presence.

One way to shake off the bugler was to move into the lines. Bugling up there was the most unhealthy of all outdoor sports. A bugler became a runner. He carried the news of meetings, etc., around to different platoons—at least he started to make the rounds. (See casualty lists.)

If a Post wants to broadcast a meeting nowadays, the ex-bugler may still be a handy cootie to have around. But you can't send tickets and bills and receipts and votes through a brass horn.

Rumors used to spread like a bimbo's feet who was trying to dodge the draft. But rumors about dues circulate slowly—about like the "sick in quarters" clan moving on pill headquarters the morning a hike was scheduled.

As for bookcases, desks, chairs and tables at post headquarters—well the Convex Comrade isn't chirping very loudly.

Manufacturers of these articles evidently believe in the boys holding powwows as in the days of shirt chipmunks. Using the barrel top as a table, Buddy raps for attention with a hand grenade. Out front the comrades are gathered round on cots and goldfish boxes. The sibley roars; there is a smell of toasted bread and burning boots. Walls have been decorated with canvas patches and soot. A dirt rug blends nicely with the color scheme.

Beneath the bunks, you catch a glimpse of the bookcases—boxes copped at the canteen.

What make of furniture, duplicating machines and other equipment do you need at post headquarters or place of business? If you'll tell Buddy, he'll try and get it. Clip and mail the coup—Buddy's man Friday.

Name the duplicating machine your post needs.

Buddy is sounding coupon call. Fall in on the dotted lines.

To the Advertising Manager:  
627 West 43d St., New York City

I would like to see advertised with us the following articles needed at post Headquarters:

Give reasons.....

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Post.....

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Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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